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Painting by
Watson Little

Women in the Bible

Ruth
Read John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

The Loyalty Of Ruth



By John Erskine

RUTH, the heroine of one of the loveliest books in the Old Testament, was a Moabitess. That fact gave her in ancient times, and even more perhaps in our own day, profound significance.

The Moabites and the Israelites, though stemming from the same racial origin, were separated by prejudices and economic rivalries, yet Ruth stands in literature as a most attractive symbol of human understanding and loyalty.

It might be argued that Naomi, her mother-in-law, is really the heroine of the story, since Naomi's fortitude and unselfishness win Ruth's devotion. But Ruth surpasses other heroines in a unique and poetic appeal.

DURING a season of desperate famine, Elimelech and his wife Naomi, with two young sons, Mahlon and Chilion, left their home in Bethlehem and moved into the country of Moab, where food was plentiful.

After a time Elimelech died, but Naomi remained in Moab with her sons, since the scarcity continued in the land of Judah. Mahlon and Chilion found wives among the Moabites. Chilion married Orpah, and Mahlon married Ruth.

When Naomi had been in Moab ten years, her two sons died. She was no longer young; her widowed daughters-in-law, still in their youth, were left childless.

When Naomi heard there was food again in Judah, she told Orpah and Ruth that she would return to her own people.

IN HER farewell she blessed both young women for the happiness they had given to her sons, and she wished for them that they might make second marriages and themselves find happiness.

Then both Orpah and Ruth said they would return with Naomi to her people, but she urged them to stay where they might hope to find husbands. She herself would be lonely in the land of Judah, and without influence. Orpah took her advice and stayed in Moab, but Ruth replied in

words of unforgettable loyalty:—

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

So Ruth returned with Naomi to Bethlehem. It was in the time of the barley harvest, and Boaz, a well-to-do kinsman of Elimelech, had a barley field in which the reapers were busy.

RUTH, wishing to earn something for the support of the little household, asked Naomi's permission to glean after the reapers, if she could find a field where the proprietor made no objection. She happened to apply at the field of Boaz.

Boaz fell in love with her, he had heard of her affection for Naomi, and in a short time he married her. They became the most famous ancestors of David.

This romantic story is loved by many people for its own sake, without reference to its wide and deep implications.

But Ruth, the ancestress of David, was herself descended from Moab, who was the son of Lot by his elder daughter.

The story of Lot and these two daughters of his was probably far less shocking to antiquity than it is to us now.

It is explained by the same motive that reappears in the advice of Naomi, the sacred obligation to have children, to carry on the family, to preserve the race.

LOT'S two daughters, though married, were childless. Their husbands, ignoring Lot's warning, stayed behind in Sodom and were consumed by fire. Lot's wife, we are told, was turned into a pillar of salt. Lot and the two girls found shelter for a while in a mountain cave.

The eldest daughter had a son named Moab, the other daughter a son named Ben-ammi.

Since these sons became the ancestors of peoples who were enemies of the Israelites, many scholars have thought that the legend of Lot and his daughters had no other foundation than the primitive wish to insult those we don't like.

It may well be, however, that Lot's daughters appeared to their contemporaries in a somewhat heroic light, as saviors of their race.

In later history, when the people of Israel followed Joseph into Egypt, the Moabites and the Ammonites remained behind, in the country which to Moses and his liberated followers became the Promised Land.

IT IS understandable that the Moabites did not welcome the returning host. Balak, King of Moab, ordered his prophet Balaam to ride toward these unwanted settlers and lay a strong curse on them.

Balaam mounted his ass to carry out the orders of the King of Moab, but the Angel of the

In Her Farewell She Blessed Both Young Women for the Happiness They Gave Her Sons and Wished Them Both Second Marriages and Happiness.

Lord barred his way, and the ass, as we all know, was suddenly endowed with speech and began to teach the misdirected prophet some sense.

In the background of the story of Ruth, therefore, these great themes are discernible, the will to live, crudely expressed in the story of Lot and his daughters, superbly illustrated in the faith of Naomi and the loyalty of Ruth—and the folly of obedience to anything less than destiny, the will of God.

Balaam was stopped from cursing the children of Israel, but also, the children of Israel, on another occasion, were forbidden to take from the Moabites their rich soil.

The Moabites too had their place in destiny. They were destined to produce Ruth, the ancestress of King David.

Watch for other stories of Women in the Bible in later issues.

Illustrated by WILLY POGANY

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WHAT WILL SHE TELL HER *Daughter?*



Although She Had Divorced a Saltonstall of the Massachusetts Clan, Brisk Miss Portland (Oregon) Hopes Their Little Girl Always Will Call Him the "Grandest" Man of All

her Hollywood career now, with a contract to appear in Westerns.

Her beauty and poise won recognition in Hollywood, and RKO engaged her as a training instructor for girls in the picture, "Roberta." From that assignment she went on to parts in pictures, a starlet with a future. From pictures she turned to radio.

Along the way she was married, first to Rudolf Ising, co-owner of the Harmon-Ising animated cartoons. They were divorced. Then she married Ed Byron, owner, producer and director of radio shows.

In "Mr. District Attorney," "Pot of Gold" and "What's My Name?" she played the leading feminine role.

For a year and a half she was in the Ziegfeld Follies and for a short time she was a photographers' model.

Her second marriage ended in divorce, and she was free when she met Saltonstall in 1945. He'd been married twice, too, and was awaiting a decree in Las Vegas, Nev., when she went there as a witness in the divorce case of a friend, Sheila Darcy. The chance meeting led quickly to romance.

Philip Saltonstall, a first cousin of United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall, a world traveler and a agent in Europe of the Motion Picture Association of America, received his divorce decree in October, 1945.

In February, 1946, he and Maxine were married in Mexico, and a few weeks later went through another marriage ceremony in Los Angeles.

Saltonstall, a Harvard graduate and a noted polo player of his time, is a former member of a New York Stock Exchange firm.

His first marriage to Kathryn E. Lapham, a Boston society belle, united two of Massachusetts' wealthiest families, her father heading a steamship line and a brokerage house.

Three children were born to them and the marriage lasted from 1921 to 1933. Then Mrs. Saltonstall filed suit for divorce, alleging "cruel and abusive treatment."

Saltonstall didn't contest the action and in a courtroom cleared of spectators Judge Joseph R. McCoolle, in Boston, heard the evidence in a private hearing.

Mrs. Saltonstall, questioned about the secrecy of the proceeding, said:

"Naturally we wanted it done with the utmost dignity. The divorce was granted quietly."

A year later, Saltonstall's mother announced his second marriage. In London he had married Miss Paula Ponce de Leon. This was the marriage that was ending when Saltonstall and Maxine met in Las Vegas.

His fourth marriage was a quiet one in Pasadena Calif., when Mrs. Beatrice Fenton Morrill, of Pasadena, became his wife.

While Maxine was in Reno, waiting to obtain her divorce, she was a devoted mother.

"Fishing and riding and caring for my baby, that's what I do," she said.

Questioned about the possibility of a fourth marriage, she answered quickly.

"I'd better not say," she said. "I don't want any more complications, and there's no one in sight for the immediate future."

"How about the distant future?" she was asked.

"It will certainly be some one, if it does happen, who'll be good to my child," she answered. "That'll be my main object from now on."

On Her Way Again; Maxine Jennings Saltonstall.

In Reno, she recently divorced her latest husband, Philip Leverett Saltonstall, of the Massachusetts clan, and five days later he remarried. But she is determined to bring up their daughter in the certainty that her father is above reproach.

She charged mental cruelty—but only "mild" cruelty instead of the customary "extreme"—and she is going to prove to little Lee Bliss Saltonstall that her divorced father is as fine a Saltonstall as any—the highest of appraisals.

"I know this will take some do-

ing," she said a little while ago. "Explaining to your daughter that you divorced her father, and yet that her father's all right—it won't be easy."

She won't shirk it, she said.

"I'm going to teach the baby that he's one of the finest and grandest of men," she said. "She's going to think of her daddy as tops."

Maxine, herself, appears to have no trouble in thinking of Mr. Saltonstall in this favorable light. She found the climax of her divorce proceedings by no means unhappy.

Emerging from the Court House, decree in hand, she was asked whether she got what she wanted.

"Yes, right on the nose," she said. "Money, that is."

Fancy free again, she's resuming

SOMETIMES it seems to the friends of piquant, dark-haired Maxine Jennings, who twice was named Miss Portland (Ore.), that they never will be able to guess what role, on stage or in a real life drama, she will choose next.

Every time they say, "That's fine, now she has a new husband," or "That's wonderful, she's out of pictures and in radio," she isn't.

She's already briskly beginning a new phase.

Three husbands, a future as a model, a career in Hollywood, a period in radio, a chance on the New York stage—these are in her past.

Now she has a new role. It is a delicate one. If ever she needed finesse, she does now.

"LOVE! Bah!" sneered the fabulously wealthy Maharajah of Kapurthala, as he glared scornfully at his son, Major Maharajah Kumar Amarjit Singh and his son's bride, the Princess Sonya.

"If you had made this woman any other wife than your first I would have forgiven you. By marrying outside your own race you have blasted my hopes. For the present I do not want to have anything more to do with you."

"But Father," said Prince Amarjit, "you yourself were married to Anita."

"There is no comparison between what I did and what you have done. When I married that Spanish dancer I already had six Indian wives. And we are divorced. That shows the permanence of such unions."

Princess Sonya leaned forward. The Maharajah was not touched by her startling beauty. He listened to her impassively.

"We both know what we will have to contend with," she said. "We understand what we face when a powerful ruler like yourself refuses to recognize our marriage. But love is stronger than your power. You threaten our happiness. We will stand together and retain that happiness."

Spoken in Paris in 1922, those were brave words that came from a heart filled with hope. But hope was gone—and courage had probably vanished, too—when Princess Sonya reached the end of her search for happiness recently in New York City.

At every turn, fate had thwarted her. The final blow came a few months before her mysterious death. The man she fondly expected would be her third husband—the only man who really understood her and seemed



Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

THE PRINCESS REBELS

The Maharajah Told His Son He Could Not Forgive Him for Marrying Outside His Own Race.

to offer everything she needed—was stricken with a heart attack as they sat talking in a hotel dining room.

After that, nothing was left for her except grief, anxiety and terror—a cumulative, relentless terror that started tormenting her, her friends believe, soon after she defied tradition by becoming the first wife of the son of a disapproving Maharajah.

Sonya's mother was the Princess Bebutova of Russia and her father, George Adjemoff, was a wealthy commoner. When still quite young, she married Dmitri Popoff, Moscow antiquarian.

The marriage was annulled and Sonya was sent to Paris, where her beauty soon made her the toast of the international set. Scores of eligible bachelors laid their hearts and fortunes at her feet. She would have none of them.

At the chateau Sans Souci, former residence of the Empress Eugénie, she met Prince Amarjit. Sonya was dancing with the Grand Duke Boris, nephew of the Russian Czar, when Amarjit first saw her. He fell in love immediately. Amarjit had a distinguished war record and held a master's degree from Oxford University.

In 1924 the Maharajah permitted them to visit Kapurthala. After they had been there five years, Sonya became ill, so they returned to Europe and ultimately came to the

United States, in 1939. With the outbreak of war, Amarjit returned to India alone, to become a major in the Indian army. He died in 1944 of a heart attack.

There was a time when a Hindu widow was compelled to commit a form of ceremonial suicide called suttee, by throwing herself on her husband's funeral pyre.

The British authorities rigorously suppressed that ancient custom, so that nowadays instead of killing herself, a Hindu widow is expected to go into strict seclusion.

Apparently with that in mind, the Maharajah demanded that Sonya come at once to India. She refused and as pressure was brought to bear on her, she confided to friends that she felt as if she was being driven closer and closer to some dreadful climax that could best be described as "psychological suttee."

Then she met rich and charming Eugene Berthiaume, of Montreal. He was separated from Mrs. Berthiaume and formal divorce action was contemplated. It was not long before the smart set began to speculate on the probable date of their marriage.

One day there was a stir among diners at the fashionable Spring Lake, N. J., resort hotel as the Princess Sonya walked in.

With her were Berthiaume and his niece and heiress, Colette Berget.

Colette had eloped the night before with George Ketterer, a life-guard, who was a student at Bucknell University. Berthiaume rushed down from New York when Sonya telephoned him the news. Sonya had been chaperoning Colette at the New Jersey resort.

The party had barely seated themselves when Berthiaume fell forward, his head striking the table. He had died of a heart attack.

The Maharajah now redoubled his efforts to persuade Sonya to return to Kapurthala. It was not seemly, he felt, for her to have an attachment for any man but her late husband.

Once again Sonya refused, and then came news of the mysterious death of Nina Grosup, another of the numerous European wives of the Maharajah. He had divorced Nina, a Hungarian dancer. Her crushed body was found at the foot of a tower in Delhi, India. Sonya never agreed with the official verdict of suicide. She insisted Nina had been pushed from the tower.

The Maharajah was paying Nina \$54 a month alimony. He once spent \$2,000,000 in two weeks of Arabian Nights entertainment in Paris. At that time he was courting an austere noblewoman. His annual income has been given as \$10,000,000. His jewels are valued at \$25,000,000. In his vaults he had \$50,000,000 in gold. His

art treasures are said to be priceless.

Already grief-stricken over Berthiaume's death, Sonya was apparently deeply distressed by the news of Nina Grosup's weird fate.

Her apprehension, her dread, her despair must have finally brought on a crisis. A medical report says she was suffering from high blood pressure, although she was only 47. One morning last summer she was found lying on the floor in her New York hotel suite, unconscious.

No one will ever know what terrifying thoughts had been running through her tortured mind. She did not regain consciousness, but died five hours later in a hospital, perhaps after all a victim in some strange way of that dreaded "psychological suttee."

The coroner's verdict was cerebral hemorrhage.

Thomas F. Meehan, New York attorney, who handled Sonya's affairs, estimated the value of her estate at \$150,000, mostly in jewelry.

Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh, the social leader, summed up the opinion held by some of those who knew Sonya intimately:

"Fate seemed to be against her. She wanted happiness. She deserved happiness. Apparently she was in excellent health. There is something about her death which is difficult to understand."

ANGEL of the BRIGHT LIGHTS



The Night Ryder of Broadway Was a Prince of Spenders. His Tips to Chorus and Cigaret Girls Ran as High as \$1,000 a Tip.

HAROLD RUSSELL RYDER, "Wall Street Wonder" by day and "The Angel of the Gay White Way" by night, left different impressions on different people. Texas Guinan, raucous nightclub hostess of "Hello Sucker!" fame, said:

"Harold was a modern Robin Hood. He stole from the rich to give to the poor."

The other and opposite school of thought was represented by an assistant district attorney in New York. Informed that Ryder had died suddenly in Sing Sing Prison, after declaring, "My heart hurts me," the prosecutor shook his head.

"That couldn't have been Ryder," he said. "He didn't have a heart."

In earlier days Ryder might have qualified as a pirate, but this is doubtful, because even pirates had to do some work, such as swinging cutlasses and jumping from deck to deck.

Ryder was allergic to all forms of physical exertion, including work.

He paid bellboys five dollars a package to open his cigars, and chorus girls as much as \$1,000 for the same chore.

This aversion to exercise had something to do with his death at 42, on Dec. 29, 1937.

It was during his second term in Sing Sing and prison officials decided to give him a physical examination to see if he would be able to do manual labor.

He wasn't. The ascent up the 160-foot hill to

the prison hospital brought about the fatal heart attack "due to overexertion."

World War I, while it was bringing death and desolation to millions, served to give young Harold Ryder the ammunition he needed—money—to launch on his swashbuckling career.

Before the war, he had graduated from high school and had gone to work as a runner for the Wall Street firm of Hornblower & Weeks.

Came 1917, and he joined the Navy, and was assigned to the mosquito fleet at Port Washington, L. I. That was where Charles L. Woody, like many another patriotic American, kept "open house" for service men in his mansion. Serving as hostess was his daughter, Roma, tall, pretty and serious minded.

Young Ryder made an impression his first visit. He wasn't particularly handsome, with his wide mouth, wide chin and flowing black pompadour. His uniform tended to enhance his stocky figure, however, and he proved to be a super-salesman even then, selling the one commodity—Harold Russell Ryder.

He wooed and won the socialite heiress, and received the blessings of the elder Woody, millionaire retired lawyer. He also won the friendship of his wife's brother, Charles L. Woody, Jr., with a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

After the war, he went back to Hornblower & Weeks as a runner again, but not for long. The job wasn't big enough for him, and he was asked

WALL STREET Gamblers

to leave when he started speculating on his own account.

He installed his bride in a \$70 apartment, where she was happy if he wasn't, and took desk space in the offices of Gilchrist, Bliss & Co. He was ready to start operating on a big scale.

WOODY, SR., under the spell of his son-in-law's salesmanship, turned over more than \$1,000,000 to him, "for investment purposes."

Frank Bailey, chairman of the Prudence Co., gave the "boy wonder" two millions, with the understanding that Ryder would put up a similar sum, and the latter readily agreed. And juggled the books to make it appear he had done so.

Ryder was now in his element. He had a huge fortune, none of it his, with which to play, and he didn't waste any time.

He informed his patrician wife, in their \$70 a month apartment:

"We have to move out of this trap. I've got a little place up on Park avenue."

They moved—to a "little" 14-room, four-bath apartment on Park avenue that cost, including furnishings and decorations, nearly \$500,000.

Then came a string of polo ponies, for decora-

tive purposes chiefly, at Smithtown, L. I., and \$50,000 worth of jewels for the protesting Roma.

Ryder then set out to win himself such titles as "Night Ryder, the Broadway Playboy," and "The Angel of the Gay White Way."

Broadway needed an angel. Prohibition was in full sway. Dozens of cabarets and nightclubs, peddling bathtub gin and kitchen cooked alcohol, were in a bad way, financially.

They needed Ryder, and he needed them not so much because of the liquor, but because of their smoky spotlights and the fawning abeyance of glamorous women of the period.

He became the prince of spenders—of other people's money, and his generosity prompted one of the Broadway beauties, Florence "Flossie" Cryon, to exclaim:

"Night! Ryder is a good egg and a big shot. He throws hundreds and thousands around while cheap skates are pushing small change at a girl."

Ryder blushed modestly—and reached into his "joint accounts" for more \$1,000 bills. He had come up with a handful one night when he heard the sad story of Actress Betty Starbuck's mother.

It seems there was a mortgage on her mother's little cottage, and they were going to foreclose. "Angel" Ryder forced \$2,500 into Betty's little hand and put a mock smile on his face, now moon shaped from rich living.

"Tell those villains," he declaimed, "never to darken your mother's door again."

Everybody applauded and started calling him Robin Hood.

For years during this period, he was a busy and desperate man. He had to give an account of his stewardship to Bailey, to his father-in-law, and to friends of the family who had entrusted him with considerable sums.

He managed to keep them satisfied, through forged statements, until the all-enveloping crash came in 1929. Then Bailey demanded to see his \$2,000,000, or else—

"DON'T worry about it," Ryder said blandly. "It's true that it's gone, temporarily. But I have assets of \$8,000,000, largely frozen, it's true. But I can pay you back \$25,000 a week."

He went about raising the \$25,000 weekly in typical Ryder fashion. He incorporated the firm of Woody & Co. Charles L. Woody, Jr., turning in his \$400,000 Stock Exchange seat.

Lucien Hold, friend of the Woody family, put in \$300,000 and Hold's mother and brother-in-law subscribed \$370,000. Roma Ryder, loyal as ever, gave him some \$500,000 of her fortune.

"Robin Hood" Ryder contributed \$75,000 to the new firm; then secretly withdrew it.

By taking from Peter to pay Paul, he managed to pay back Bailey, and ease the pressure—for a few months. But even his skill in balancing statements and outright forgery couldn't keep the flimsy structure erect forever. The house of marked cards collapsed entirely in June, 1930.

It was announced that the firm of Woody & Co. had failed for \$2,837,000! And an investigator gave the reason:

"This man (Ryder) seldom did any trading. He pocketed the customers' money, including that of his wife, her father and her brother."

Ryder left Wall Street just before the public announcement of the failure, and held a hurried conference with the still loyal Roma. If he could only have a few thousand, there was a chance.

She gave him \$68,000, leaving her \$200, an amount Ryder considered too small for a waiter's tip and he promised to reimburse relatives and friends who had "invested" with him. He didn't.

Two days later, while being sought, "The

Angel of the Gay White Way" strolled into Tex Guinan's country club at Lynbrook, L. I., his hands full of money—somebody else's, as usual.

He showed unusual restraint, for him, this time. His wine and food bill was only \$3,000, and he went back to Manhattan to be arrested.

"It's all so silly," he laughed. "I've got \$3,000,000 in different banks."

The banks, however, had a quaint habit of keeping their own books, and they hadn't been juggled. Ryder's assets came to \$615.91.

ROMA stood by him during his trial, but Ryder was beyond legal and moral aid. He was found guilty of using customers' funds for himself and sent to Sing Sing for an indeterminate term.

At the prison when he was asked whether he was married or single, he said emphatically:

"Married!" But too great a load can't be borne by even the most loyal of women. Mrs. Roma Ryder pledged her future inheritance to repay her friends and relatives, and divorced Ryder.

His stay in prison wasn't as long as the offense seemed to warrant. At the end of two years and 7 months he was free on parole—with the stipulation he must stay out of the securities business during his term of parole.

The parole board sought to justify the light sentence by explaining "the violations had not been made clear" by the parole board.

Ryder returned to Manhattan in 1933, and took up residence with gangsters and loan sharks of the East Side, as an "investment counselor."

In this capacity, he operated furtively until, on Oct. 20, 1937, a detective found him in a brokerage office on Broadway.

"What are you doing, Ryder?" the detective inquired.

"I was trading." His own admission that he had violated his parole led him back to jail, and to a searching investigation.

It developed this Robin Hood, in reverse, had taken \$300,000 from 83 investors, with the promise of returns ranging from 24 to 36 per cent.

The money had been spent in second and third-rate nightclubs with a considerable quantity going to mobsters for "protection."

This time, no swashbuckling playboy stood before the bar of justice to hear sentence.

At 42, Harold Russell Ryder appeared 65. The grey skin hung in folds from the massive face; once black hair was gray, too, and so was the baggy, ill-fitting suit he wore.

He listened with head bowed to the sentence: 7 years for violation of parole, 3 to 10 years for larceny.

THIS time, when the prison clerk asked his marital status, he mumbled:

"Single. My nearest relative is my mother, Mrs. Minnie Ryder, Greenwich, Conn."

A month later, his mother went to Sing Sing to claim his body.

Her son, who had spent \$7,000 for clothing and haberdashery in the comparatively short space of six months, was wearing a cheap blue suit and a white shirt provided by the state.

He left one monument. Years earlier, he had let it be known he had given \$300,000 to swell the building fund of Union College at Schenectady, N. Y.

This proved to be in error.

Ryder had contributed \$12,000 for the construction of four tennis courts, with the proviso that "they be lighted so the boys can play at night."

That was when he liked to play.



Ryder, Who Eschewed All Forms of Physical Exercise, Died in Sing Sing Prison of a Heart Attack Due to Over-exertion—After Climbing a 160-Foot Hill to the Hospital.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

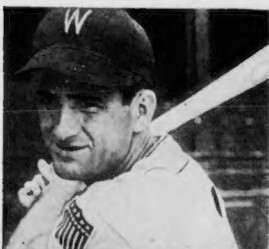




Mickey Vernon and wife, Betty, are movie fans. They get some good action films—with Betty at the camera and Mickey at bat for the Washington Senators. Of the Hollywood product, Mickey prefers a comedy... it gives a workout for the famous Vernon grin.



Mickey sells Xmas trees, officiates at basketball games, during the winter months. Been eating Wheaties—year around—since 1934. Champion nourishment in Wheaties. Seven dietary essentials. Like calcium, iron. Food energy, vitamins. Flakes of 100% whole wheat.



Many big-league champions choose Wheaties. Reason why? "Flavor most of all," says Mickey Vernon. A reason you'll appreciate when you spoon up these crisp toasted flakes. Good? Second-helping good! Try Wheaties. And see.

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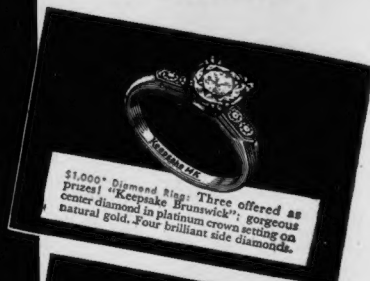
diamond ring!

One of 104 glamorous prizes in our exciting new

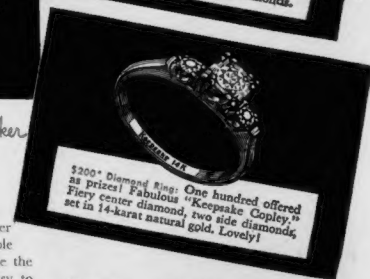


1st Prize: \$2,000.00* Diamond Ring

\$25,000.00*
diamond ring
Contest!



\$1,000* Diamond Ring: Three offered as prizes! "Keepsake Brunswick": gorgeous center diamond in platinum crown setting on natural gold. Four brilliant side diamonds.



\$200* Diamond Ring: One hundred offered as prizes! Fabulous "Keepsake Copley," fiery center diamond, two side diamonds, set in 14-karat natural gold. Lovely!

Just finish this sentence: "I like the Betty Crocker

Vegetable Noodle Soup because..."

Use 25 additional words or less. Follow the simple rules, at right.

It's easy. You might send something like this: "I like the Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup because now it's meat-flavored and richer than ever." Don't worry about grammar, spelling, or fancy writing. Just write your own ideas in your own words.

The first thing you think of may put the \$2000.00 diamond ring on your finger! A genuine registered "Keepsake Winchester." Magnificent center diamond of breathtaking brilliance, flanked by four smaller diamonds. Exquisite crown setting, in precious platinum.

All prize rings come with the "Keepsake" Certificate of Guarantee

and Registration.

TO START: Ask your grocer for the Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup. Try it! Notice the new, richer meat flavor. Easy to fix. Just add water and cook. This contest offered to introduce you to this finer-than-ever soup!

Send as many entries as you wish. The more you send, the more opportunity you have to win! Include a package-top with each entry. Use the handy entry blank, and send your entry today. Just follow the easy contest rules. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Monday, September 22, 1947. Hurry! Only eight more days to enter this exciting new diamond ring contest!

Easy Contest Rules

1. Finish the statement: "I like the Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup because..." in 25 additional words or less. Use entry blank or plain paper.
2. Print your name and complete address on entry, attach one boxtop from Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients, and mail to General Mills, Inc., Box 1091, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
3. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 22, 1947, and received by October 13, 1947.
4. Send as many entries as you wish. Include a boxtop with each entry. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
5. Entries judged on aptness, uniqueness, originality. Decision of judges (three University of Minnesota faculty members) final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
6. Contest open to all residents U. S., its territories and possessions except employees (and their families) of General Mills, Inc., A. H. Pond Company, Inc., and their advertising agencies.



"Betty Crocker" is a trade mark of General Mills, Inc.

Notice as to winners will be made in American Weekly at a later date.

Hurry! Mail Your Entry Today!

General Mills
Box 1091
Minneapolis, Minn.

Here is my entry I enclose one boxtop from the Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients.

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

"I like the Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup because..."

(Finish the above statement in 25 additional words or less.)

*Keepsake retail prices including U.S. Tax at authorized Keepsake Jewelers.

City of BROKEN HEARTS

IN ALL the United States, Mrs. Mabel James, nervous and sad, and wanting to be freed from her husband, could not have found—at that time—a place where divorce seemed easier than in her home town, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Around her, on every side, other young people were getting decrees, usually on the nominal grounds of "cruel and inhuman treatment." At the time she decided to go to court the city's divorce rate was nine times higher than the national average. One court once issued 12 writs in 17 minutes.

If the course of Mrs. James' marriage had run parallel with that of so many others, it would have ended in a broken home. Husband and wife would have been parted. Their two children would have been the pawns.

But this didn't happen. The case of Mabel James and her husband, Lester James, stands out today as an example of one way in which Chattanooga, once known as the "city of broken hearts," is now living down its nickname and lowering its divorce rate.

Mrs. James, trim and appealing, went to a lawyer, W. W. Robinson, a while ago. This was hard for her to do, she said, but she'd made up her mind.

"I can't get on with Lester any more," she said.

Mr. Robinson heard her out, and filed a bill for divorce.

Lester James, learning this, went also to a lawyer, W. L. Tillett.

"Mr. Tillett," he said, "I don't want to lose her. I don't want to go on without her and the children." The baby was 14 months old, he said. The older child was just past two.

Mr. Tillett is a churchman: a Highland Park Baptist. He thought a moment about Lester James and Mabel James and the babies.

"Do you and Mabel belong to a church?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir. We don't."

Mr. Tillett turned to his telephone. He called Mrs. James' lawyer, Mr. Robinson. They talked a little while, and agreed, and Mr. Tillett spoke again to Lester James.

"I don't want to seem presumptuous, Lester," he said, "but I'd like to have you meet the minister of our church. Then, maybe, Mrs. James might meet him."

"All right," Lester James said, and his decision was more far-reaching than he knew, for in Chattanooga's day of snap decision divorces, it set a precedent.

Mr. Tillett took his client to the minister, the Rev. Lee Robertson. Later Mrs. James, after earnest coaxing, agreed, too, to meet the parson.

They were skeptical at first. Why should divorce lawyers, usually out for a fee, try to patch up a case, and lose a fee? Why should a clergyman seem so sincerely interested in a couple he hadn't known?

They didn't know, but they saw that their own welfare seemed to be at stake, and the next Sunday morning they went together, to listen and sing and pray in the Highland Park Baptist Church of Chattanooga.

"We did all we could for them after that," Mr. Tillett said recently. "They lived several miles away. We arranged for them to come in and live in the church-owned house so that they could attend services."

"Now they are all together here and say they're happier than they've ever been before."

It all goes to show you, says Mr. Tillett, that at least some of Chat-

But Chattanooga Is Living Down Its Unwanted Nickname and Reducing a Once Alarming Divorce Rate—With the Help of Civic-Minded Lawyers and Clergymen



The Lawyers Are Now Helping Quarrelous Couples to Patch Up Their Differences, Rather Than Harding Them Before Courts That Often Operated at a Divorce-a-Minute Rate.

tanooga's lawyers are more interested in a couple's ultimate happiness, or a family's security, than they are in getting their clients easy divorces at fat fees for themselves.

There's no doubt about the ease with which decrees have been obtained in Chattanooga in recent years. Last year that city saw three and a half times as many divorces as marriages. Circuit Court Judge L. D. Miller, handling 98 per cent of the cases, sometimes dealt out a decree a minute.

One young Chattanooga woman has been divorced 16 times. She is Mildred Giles, now living with her 17th husband. She accused each of them of "cruel and inhuman treatment."

The Chattanooga Bar Association, learning of her record, and of the towering divorce rate in the city, investigated. It blamed the city's di-

vorce situation on "laxity" of the courts and it mentioned the high percentage of divorces following out-of-state marriages.

Couples married under the favorable laws in other near-by states, broke up, after a year or so, the Bar Association claimed, and then came into Chattanooga for divorces.

"Marrying squires" in adjacent states, the investigators said, performed marriages for as little as \$5. Tennesseans went over the state line for the ceremony—and many of them ended their romances in Judge Miller's court.

In Tennessee, a couple must be over 16, have a blood test and wait three days before being wed. In other states, some of the "marrying squires" are offering 24-hour service to any couple regardless of their

ages or their physical conditions. That made grist for Chattanooga's divorce mill.

On a busy Saturday morning, as many as 40 wives (some with babies in their arms) have queued up in the court house, with their lawyers and witnesses. They've gone away, free and single.

Now, the situation is changing. Here and there, lawyers are doing as the James' family lawyers did—reconciling couples.

"Business is falling off a lot," says Mrs. Zelma Sherrill, Circuit Court clerk. "You can certainly tell the difference."

The difference is 33 per cent. Chattanooga divorces now are running that much below their all-time high.

"They'll run even lower," said Mr. Tillett the other day, "if couples get around to prayer meeting and Sunday morning services."

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

By Frank G. Langrock

IT'S an old saying that the best thing to do with graying hair is to admire it. But women, since the days of Egypt's Queen Nefertiti, and earlier, have been imparting tiffan, black and other artificial tints and colors to their hair. Men have dyed hair and beards.

Whatever the concession to be made to the demands of art, beauty or fashion, consideration of health cannot be overlooked. Dyeing of the hair should be completely harmless.

There are many dyes in use that are not safe for everyone. In fact, in certain women, these dyes can cause anything from ugly skin rashes to severe organic ailments and, in some cases, blindness.

Some of the dyes, particularly those prepared from a chemical, paraphenylene diamine, are "toxic," poisonous, to persons who are "allergic" to them.

In preparation for an important banquet at which her husband was to be toastmaster, the wife of a prominent executive recently had her hair dyed.

A few days later while dressing for the "big night," she noticed a rash breaking out all over her body. In a few hours it spread to her face and formed unsightly blotches which later began to blister. Her eyes became puffy and swelled. She had been poisoned by the hair dye.

The dye used contained parphen-

BE SURE Your HAIR DYE Is HARMLESS

ylene diamine. In most cases, such dyes are satisfactory. They not only penetrate directly into the hair but come in all colors and shades.

But unfortunately for the executive's wife, she was allergic to it.

This is typical of hundreds of similar cases that some ten years ago led the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association to publish a booklet, "Cosmetics and Allied Preparations," which revealed

the dangers in many of the substances used on the hair and face.

At the time, Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, the director of the bureau, stated that the basic objection to hair dyes is that almost all of them contain certain materials which in certain cases prove harmful. He mentioned that over 30 cases of poisoning were reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association due to the use of one product alone that con-

tained a coal tar dye.

Largely as a result of this investigation, leading dermatologists have been instrumental in incorporating into New York City's Sanitary Code a number of "laws" pertaining to the use of coal tar dyes. One of them requires all establishments in which hair dyeing is done to display the following sign:

"Coal tar dyes used in this establishment contain ingredients which may cause skin irritation on certain individuals and a preliminary test in accordance with the directions accompanying the product should first be made 24 hours prior to using said dye. This product must not be used for dyeing eyelashes or eyebrows."

The preliminary test, called a "patch test," is simple enough. A bit of the dye is placed on the skin of the neck. The spot or patch is observed after 24 hours. Any redness or swelling of the skin indicates that the person is allergic.

Regardless of the test, liquid dyes should never be applied to the eyelashes or eyebrows.

Nearly all the liquid dyes contain chemicals harmful to the eyes. In some cases blindness has resulted. Mascara is harmless.

Coal tar dyes are used extensively today in the fur industry.

The industry requires the furriers who handle the dyed furs to take the patch tests. It also forbids any workers with cuts or scratches to enter dyeing rooms during processing.

In rare instances, some women are found who cannot wear a dyed fur without contracting annoying skin rashes where the fur contacts the skin. While this may be due to an allergy to fur, they are most likely hypersensitive to the dye.

At a recent scientific gathering, Dr. Herman Goodman, of New York City, stated that within the last few years a new coal tar dye has been developed that has the advantages of the paraphenylene diamine type without the attending problems. It is derived from a special urea compound of coal tar and is available in all shades. It is claimed to have no irritating effect.

While the new dye is rapidly becoming popular, Dr. Goodman recommends that until it is tried on thousands of more cases, the patch test should still be used.

He also cautions that regardless of the kind of dye used it must never be used where there are skin cuts.

There used to be dyes that contained the metallic salts of silver, copper, iron or lead.

In the case of lead, a poisoning similar to "painter's colic" may result. With silver, there is the remote chance of causing a permanent discoloring of the skin.

In a sense, the metallic dyes are not true dyes at all. They merely coat the outer surface of the hair. Continual usage causes the hair to take on an unnatural look and it eventually becomes coarse and brittle.

Perhaps the safest dyes of all are the ancient vegetable dyes, such as henna and indigo.

Dyeing the hair need never be a health problem.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, Editor, the Journal of the American Medical Association, says, "With the prolongation of human life and the extension of health so that there are many more old people, the interest in the use of hair dyes is increasing."

"Beauty shops have increased. Before permitting any beautician to dye your hair be sure that he or she is qualified."

"The Food and Drug Administration is now responsible under the law for the control of the safety of hair dyes sold for use in the home or in the beauty shop. Be sure to read carefully the labels and the directions that come with the package when you invest in hair dyes."

Illustrated by
WILLIAM COX



An Egyptian Beauty Dyeing Her Hair—Though This is an Age-Old Custom Some of the Preparations Compounded in Beauty's Name May Cause Anything From Skin Rash to Blindness.

General Barry Always Dressed Alone and No One Ever Suspected "He" Was a Woman and Had Been a Mother.



THE General WAS A Woman

EVEN today, after all the records have been examined, after all the memoirs of contemporaries have been conned for references, nobody knows for sure who Jim Barry was.

Only one thing is certain. Dr. James Barry, Senior Inspector General of the British Medical Services, duelist, fist-fighter, competent surgeon and braggart, was a woman.

The general, after seven years retirement, died in London on July 23, 1865, at the age of 71. When the undertaker disclosed that he was about to bury a woman, shocked Army officials ordered an inquiry.

The official report was conveniently lost and the entire matter was quickly hushed up.

As nearly as anyone can determine, the girl who became Dr. Barry was the daughter of a Scottish baronet named Buchan. When she was 17 she fell in love with a junior surgeon in the Army who was ordered to Spain to serve under Wellington. She was determined to follow him but it was no simple matter.

There were no Army nurses. The only solution, she decided, was to become an Army surgeon.

She cut off her bright red hair, put on men's clothes and enrolled as a student at Edinburgh University. Although she advanced rapidly in her studies, she kept fretting about getting to Spain. Finally she left school and was accepted as a medical assistant in the Army.

The closest she got to Spain was an assignment to Malta, but while she was there she learned that the man she loved had been killed in action. It was too late then to become a woman again. She had begun

to think and act like a man, and medicine fascinated her. When she was only 33 she became a surgeon major.

Throughout her Army career Dr. Barry had a chip on her shoulder. She was determined to prove that she could be as tough as any man. Remarks about her soft voice, her beardless face or her slight figure were sure to bring on a challenge.

When she was at Edinburgh a fellow student tried to teach her to box, but she decided that a rapier or a pistol would be more her style. She became an expert with both, but she also used her fists when necessary. Once at Quebec she left the table during a meal, begging to be excused "because of pressing business." Later the garrison learned that she had beaten a man who had accused her of being effeminate.

Probably her most difficult period was at Capetown, where she was staff surgeon while she was in her early 30s. Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor, found her "the most

skilful of physicians and the most wayward of men." Lord Albemarle described her as "a beardless lad with an unmistakably Scotch type of countenance, striving constantly to overcome effeminacy in manner."

She was a favorite of the Governor, but once, when he threatened to dangle her out of a window to cool her temper, she kicked him with the high heel of her boot. He merely laughed and teased her about the high boot heels.

"Like a woman's, aren't they?" he observed.

"If you don't stop your remarks, sir," the surgeon replied in a rage, "it will be on your conscience, sir, if I challenge you."

There was no challenge, but the Governor's aide, Sir Josiah Cloete, wasn't so fortunate. His recollection:

"One day a buxom lady called to see me on private business. We were alone for some time. Barry sneered when he saw her.

"That's a nice Dutch filly the Governor has got hold of," he said

"Retract that vile expression, you infernal little cad," I said, advancing and pulling his long ugly nose. Barry immediately challenged me and we fought with pistols. He got me in the leg, causing me to miss him."

After the general's death, Sir Josiah often boasted that he was "probably the only officer in the British Army who has ever fought a duel with a woman," but that was far from true.

Col. Shadwell Clerke, also on the Governor's staff, was challenged for a fancied insult, but both he and the doctor were unhurt. When one Richard Baxendale remarked that Dr. Barry had a squeaky voice, the surgeon turned on him, struck him with her fists, knocked him into a chair and tried to choke him.

After the duel with Sir Josiah, Dr. Barry was arrested and sent home for court-martial. She was found guilty, but good doctors were scarce and her superiors condoned her behavior.

Although she was a military doctor, she performed a Caesarean operation, which was extremely rare at the time, on a Mrs. Minnik, whose husband was attached to headquarters at Capetown. Her only assistant was her Negro servant, John. The operation was a success and the grateful mother named the baby after her. The baby's grandson, James Barry Minnik Hertzog, became prime minister of South Africa.

John, the servant, who was her faithful attendant until she died, had no idea that his master was a woman. Neither had her associates. A Lieut. Col. Rogers, her cabin-mate on a voyage, recalled she used to tell him each morning: "Now, then, youngster, clear out of the cabin while I dress." He thought nothing about it at the time.

Except for her early love affair, there was no hint of a romance in Dr. Barry's life. After her death, however, an autopsy disclosed that she had been a mother. She had never mentioned a child and no one knew what had happened to it.

Her retirement came in 1858. She had been a Deputy Inspector General for seven years and Senior Inspector General for one.

Attempting to maintain her masquerade even after death, she directed that her body be sewed in a blanket as soon as she died, with interment to follow immediately. If her last orders had been carried out, the British Army might never have known that it had a woman general.

★ Illustrated by FRANCES MASON ★

By William Engle

OF it all her 42 years of living, her three marriages, her transient fame as an actress and artist—what was worth remembering? Anything, now that the end was only a few moments away?

Mary Rockwell, wearing a blue and white negligee and carrying its blue cord as she walked for the last time across her 17th floor New York apartment, may have wondered about this. It would have been natural. She was leaving life behind.

If she did wonder she must have thought momentarily of a man she hadn't seen for 10 years and hadn't known well since he was a gentle little boy a quarter of a century ago.

In her clothes closet, she tied the negligee cord to a hook, looped the other end around her neck, and hanged herself.

That was five years ago. Now the filing of her will for probate reveals how she felt, up to the end, about the man she had known as a child—Roger Pryor, Broadway star and radio actor. She bequeathed \$50,000 to him, half her fortune.

Pryor, hearing of it, couldn't believe it at first. He hadn't known that Mary Rockwell, finding only unhappiness in three marriages (two ending in divorce and the other in the suicide of her husband), had kept him in her heart since they were children. But he saw that this was so, and he remembered a summer idyl away back in 1913, when they were childhood sweethearts.

Mary's grandparents, Percy Brooks and May Wheeler, well known on the

SHE Remembered TWO MEN

stage, had taken her to Asbury Park, N. J. Pryor's father, the famous bandman, Arthur Pryor, had taken him there, too. The elder Pryor's concerts were a casino highlight.

Both Mary and Roger Pryor had just turned 12 years old. They were drawn together as kindred spirits.

They trudged the boardwalk together, and scamped in the wash of the breakers, all that summer. They had sodas and popcorn. They built castles in the sand.

That was all. It was brief and perfect. Nothing that happened afterward, as the courses of their lives diverged, ever tarnished its brightness.

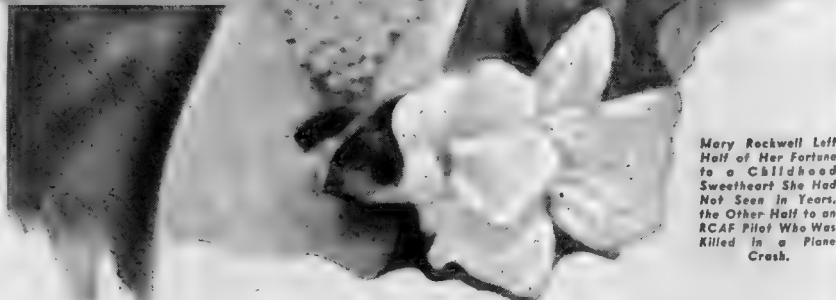
"Mary and I were kind of boy-and-girl sweethearts," said Pryor when news of the legacy came to him. "I'd known her for 25 years, but hadn't seen her for 10. The bequest was a surprise as much as her suicide is still a mystery."

Mary, growing up, aspired to a career on the stage, and she showed some talent. She played in summer stock, had a role on a radio program and made her Broadway debut in "Miss Quix," a play written by her friend, Ward Morehouse.

To art, however, she gave a deeper devotion. She painted well and won prizes.

She married young. A socialite, R. Bruce Estelle, was her first husband. She divorced him. A banker, Harold H. Rockwell, was her second. She divorced him.

If they left any lasting impression on her mind, she never said so. But her third was different. His name was Waldemar Wysocki, known on the stage as William Moore, and when they were married in 1940, he was 25 and she was 15 years older.



Mary Rockwell Left Half of Her Fortune to a Childhood Sweetheart She Had Not Seen in Years, the Other Half to an RCAF Pilot Who Was Killed in a Plane Crash.

They'd hardly left his home town, Salem, Mass., where the ceremony was performed, before she knew that this, too, was a romance with only deepening shadows ahead.

"He's only a boy," she said afterward. "He isn't grown up."

Within three months, they parted. Vainly, he begged for a reconciliation. Repeatedly, she refused. She was ready to refuse again when one day he burst into her apartment.

Her friend, Jessie Landis, and her grandmother were with her. They heard her try to reason with him. "Please, just go away!"

They were beside her when he, with a highball in his hand, rushed toward a closed window. They heard her scream.

"Come back! You don't know what you're doing!"

Together, the three women saw it happen. He plunged headlong, the window crashing, and he died in the courtyard below.

Mary hadn't expected happiness but she hadn't foreseen a climax so violent. Life was always surprising her, and only rarely happily. There was the abiding memory of the boy and girl on the white sand of Asbury Park. Only one other memory approached that one in richness.

It was the memory of a man whose name is brought up now by Mary's will. To him, too, she willed \$50,000. But he will not get it. He is dead.

Mary's association with him began during the depression of the 1930s. His name was Phillips Holmes and in Stony Creek, Conn., she played with him in summer stock.

She gave him courage and hope, and more than one financial stake, and he repaid her with a gentleness she hadn't known since she and Roger Pryor were young beside the sea.

Theirs wasn't an idyl, as the seashore days had been. It was a warm

and understanding friendship. But like the seashore episode, it was brief and unmarred.

They parted for good. Holmes' luck turned and he went on to success in Hollywood.

Mary knew that Hollywood wasn't for her. A hip injury and later a broken arm handicapped her. She couldn't make sudden turns on the stage. She saw no future beckoning.

When she made her will, she divided between Pryor and Holmes her \$100,000 interest in the half-million dollar estate left by a granduncle, to be paid upon the death of his widow, Mrs. Margaret Wheeler, who is still living in White Plains, N. Y.

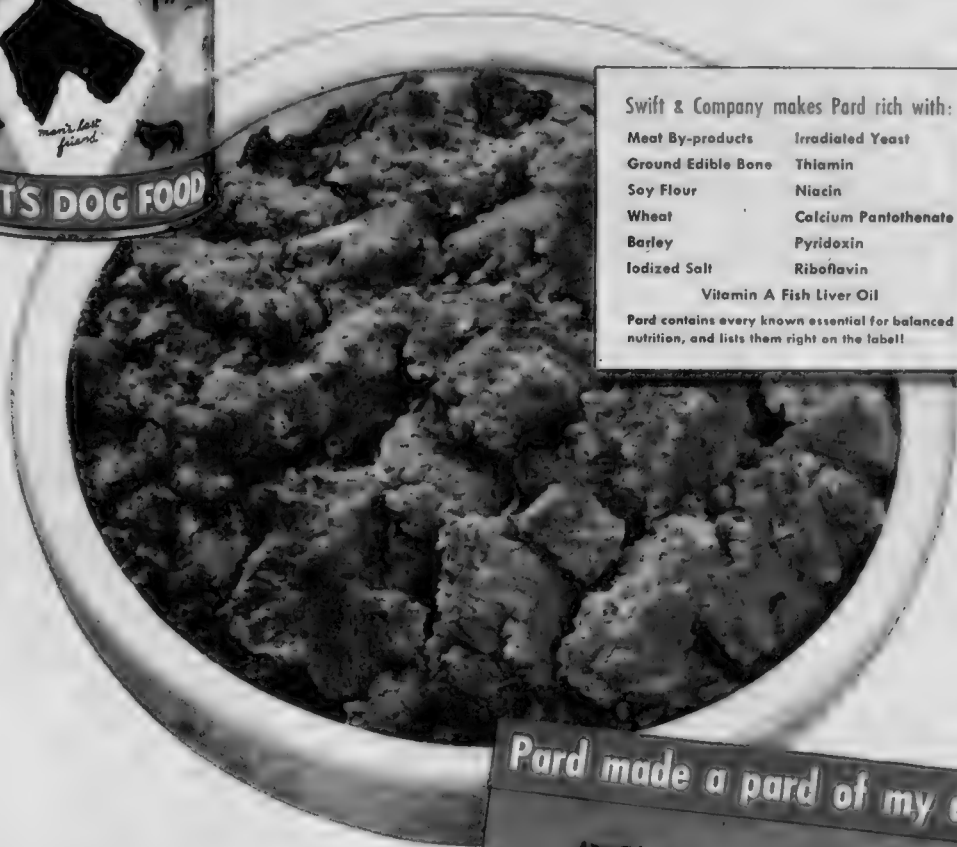
Six months after Mary's suicide, Holmes, in the RCAF, was killed in a plane crash in Canada.

Now it is up to a court to decide whether his heirs shall get his share or whether it shall go to the man who stayed so long in Mary's heart, always a little boy.

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"Yours for keeps" NATIONAL DOG WEEK
20TH ANNIVERSARY • SEPT. 21-27



POETS for centuries have rhapsodized about love and marriage, with cool disdain for such material things as the cost of wedding rings, trousseaux, rent, babies and other more or less indispensable attributes of the married state.

The crass pressure of necessities rarely has been allowed to interfere with their quatrains, sonnets and pulpit sating odes.

Yet there was one notable exception. By good fortune he was not only a poet, but plantation-owner, slaveholder, sailor, politician, something of a statesman and a cunning, far-seeing financier.

Because of a romantic bent that was linked with a shrewd business brain, many hundreds of young couples in the Louisiana parish of West Baton Rouge have begun married life with a little nest egg.

It is derived from a trust fund that was started on its way to sizable growth by one Monsieur Julien Poydras just 125 years ago.

Poydras has been dead now for more than 100 years. But his name is on schools and hospitals and enshrined forever in the hearts of many who ought not have been able to get married at all except for his foresight and humanity.

The career of Julien Poydras is almost legend and folklore now. The story of his person at tragedy has been altered through the generations and in its handing down from Louisiana father to daughter.

But there is no doubt of the fact

Dowries FOR 5,000 BRIDES

that Poydras left in his generous will the sum of \$30,000, the interest to be divided each year as dowries for "worthy brides" of the parish.

Wisely invested, the "trust fund" has paid off from year to year for the benefit of varying numbers of brides and their husbands. It appears that perhaps 5,000 girls have benefited during the last century or more to the total of about \$350,000.

This figure is interesting if compared with what the original \$30,000 would be worth had Poydras left it unmolested to compound itself at an average rate of interest. It might today amount to a million dollars.

Julien Poydras was one of early Louisiana's wealthiest citizens. His poetry was for the most part of a military nature, filled with lusty praise of Don Benard de Galvez, Spanish governor of the state, and he is described in contemporary records as a "crusty" individual.

This superficial grumpiness undoubtedly resulted from the romantic setback that caused him to set up the dowry fund, but the actual circumstances of this incident—as a result of which Poydras condemned himself to eternal bachelorhood—are shrouded in some mystery.

It is known that Poydras came from fishing and sailing stock in Brittany, on the northwestern coast of France. He turned up penniless in New Orleans after a hitch with the French Navy, which saw him captured by the British, and a few ad-

venturous years on the island of San Domingo in the West Indies.

The most commonly-heard story is that as a very young man in Brittany, Poydras fell desperately in love with a French girl whose parents were very poor. Their poverty prevented them from offering the traditional dowry, and French custom of the time prevented their marriage without a dowry. He departed for the western world, heartbroken, to embark upon a career of eventual fame and philanthropy.

Another version is that Poydras' ill-starred love affair took place in New Orleans after his return from the sea. But the conditions of the tragedy were the same—the object of his affection was a beautiful Creole whose parents also were bowed down by abject poverty.

Still another legend was that Poydras was determined to have enough money, before marriage, to support her in style, but that she died while he was still accumulating his fortune.

He became an itinerant peddler, selling all the junk and trinkets and then reinvesting, until his holdings included six plantations, a cotton gin, and—some say—more than a thousand slaves. In addition, he became a bank president and member of the legislature.

The money paid out to the girls each year is a variable factor, depending upon the number of applicants and the income on the original fund.

Illustrated
by
A. S. PACKER

This year's total was divided among 23 brides, each of whom received \$139, but the individual figure has gone as high as \$500.

On an average Poydras' original fund has yielded about 8 per cent annually, or \$2,400. In bad times the total is less but never a year has passed but that a certain number of young women in the "eligible" lists—whose own families' wealth does not rule them out as contestants—have received a "dot" for their husbands.

A casual check-up shows an amazing variety of uses to which the dowries have been put. Babies and

blankets are commonplace; rent and groceries are in there, too. At least one bride of modern days is keeping her money intact, possibly to use as a dowry for her own daughter. Poydras' will, calling upon "enlightenment and humanity" to provide legal sanction for his unusual bequest, showed him to be a truly extraordinary man.

He lived more than 80 years—and died standing because, as he said, "a man should die on his feet."

That was in 1824. He departed this life straight as a ramrod, held upright in the arms of a friend.

Every Bride in the Louisiana Parish of West Baton Rouge Can Get a Dowry—From a Bachelor Who Died a Century Ago.



It's
Smart.
to own
an Olds

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Cold net dress an original by Rudolf,
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*Optional at extra cost

SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER

Seabiscuit Finally Broke the Jinx in 1940. Jockey Pollard Gave Him His Head in the Last Stakes and He Drew Away Easily in a Win by a Length and a Half.



By Warren Brown and Dan Parker

Illustrated by PAUL BROWN

A HORSE'S neck is easy to swallow, but a horse's head is something else again. Horses' heads almost ruined Charley Howard's digestion several years back when he had them for a steady diet figuratively speaking.

These particular equine profiles bobbed up at the wrong time and in the wrong place to prevent him from winning the \$100,000 all-ages Santa Anita Handicap five years hand running in his first five attempts to hit it.

They also kept his star performer, Seabiscuit, who had recently won the greatest money winner in the history of the turf.

The Santa Anita Handicap, of course is the richest event of its kind on the American turf. The tale of the horse's head didn't start until February 27, 1937, when the Howard colors passed in review for the first time in the Santa Anita Cup. For this, the third running of the classic, William S. duPont's Rosemont drew high weight and the role of favorite.

Even the hunch players strung along with Rosemont because his stable mate, Fairy Hill, had won the Santa Anita Derby a short time previously.

Those who bothered to follow the results at Bay Meadows, up near San Francisco, the previous summer might have noticed something in the work of Seabiscuit, owned by Charles S. Howard, a wealthy automobile dealer, that fouted them off the favorite if they studied the charts.

Seabiscuit, a four-year-old, had been bred by the Whitley S. stable.

Man o' War and Tea Sisseton were the parents of his sire, Hard Tack, which circumstance made his nomenclature most appropriate.

In the distaff sale he inherited the blood of Whisk Brown II and Balance through Swing On, his dam. But there was nothing in his 1936 overall record to stampede horse players.

That year, he had won nine of 23 starts.

In 1935, he had run 18 races before finally getting out of the maiden class, and had finished first only 5 times out of 35.

It wasn't hard to see, therefore, why the Whitley Stable had given up on Seabiscuit.

Tale of the Horse's Head



But for That Meager Margin, Charley Howard Would Have Won the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap Five Years in a Row and Seabiscuit Would Still Be the Third Greatest Money Winner in Turf History

Indicated by his name the next day.

But that all happened before Charles S. Howard set out to make this classic his plaything.

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Discerning form students might have taken a fancy to him on the strength of two races he had run at Bay Meadows the previous season.

The figure liberts, noting that Seabiscuit was 10 pounds lighter than Rosemont who had to carry 124 pounds, might have sensed a passing thing in him.

But not even Charles S. Howard himself perceived that he owned in this bay colt one of the outstanding horses of his generation.

Seabiscuit was a standout sire. In 1937, he carried 114 pounds, the Biscuit had overtaken the 114-pounders, Special Agent, Boxhorn and I-see-I-see by the time they turned into the stretch.

At this point Seabiscuit was on top but he had the symbol that was to prove a weakness.

Rosemont, the favorite, skillfully handled by Harry Richards, had moved into the four-year-old at this stage, three and a half lengths in front, and was closing ground like a bull.

But those who had picked the Howard colors and had already made plans for spending their winnings of \$14,800 for every dollar bet, roared encouragement to Seabiscuit and James R. Pollard.

Seabiscuit would have turned the trick for Rosemont, then the crowd faded in his debt.

Enough up near to make him a head 1-2-3.

That was the distance by which Rosemont had finished in front of the Biscuit, the hoodoo head of the Howard herdsmen. But, on what a difference a head's length can make.

In THIS case, it represented the difference between \$29,700 which was added to the dubious fortune and \$20,000 which Mr. Howard collected for second prize.

Even for a millionaire, \$70,700 is a bit too much to pay for a profile view of the winner's head.

Seabiscuit's fame had grown so much by the time the 1938 Santa Anita Handicap rolled around

that he was sent to the post the favorite. Even the fact that 130 pounds had been assigned to him as against a mere 100 for Stagehand, recent winner of the Santa Anita Derby, failed to prevent him from becoming the public choice.

Zeit was added to the classic that year, by the fact that it was to be a duel of Howards, Maxwell Howard owned Stagehand.

CHARLE SANDE trained him and this fact, coupled with his victory in the Derby, had made friends and influenced people galore for the three-year-old, however.

Georgie Woolf, since deposed, rode Seabiscuit this time. Woolf sent Seabiscuit into the lead as they rounded into the stretch. And by how much? The hard luck Howard head again! Just behind were Ancestral and Stagehand, the latter ridden by Nick Fall.

Ancestral didn't have the stuff in the test, so it was left to Seabiscuit and Stagehand. After a scorching duel down to the wire, Wall managed to push Stagehand home in front—by a head!

This time Charles Howard was caught in a rising market on heads. Instead of \$70,700, the 1937 price, his tab was \$71,450 for that glimpse of Stagehand's frontpiece at the finish line.

Stagehand's purse was \$91,450, which Maxwell Howard pocketed.

Charles Howard settled for \$20,000, unless you place a cash valuation on the satisfaction Charley might have derived from the fact that Biscuit forced Stagehand to set a new track record of 2:01.35 for the mile and a quarter route in order to win.

Charley Howard might have weakened a bit on Seabiscuit—as who wouldn't, after a steady diet?

At any rate, he retired the horse temporarily, while he continued his quest for the Golden Horse.

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When we tell you that as the top of the stretch was reached in the \$100,000 'Cap that year, there was that ever-mocking horse's head again.

This time it belonged to Whitchose, the A. T. C. Stock Farm's stepper which had set a blistering pace for a mile.

But there's many a head twist the turn and the wire and Kayak II's mighty rush down the straightaway finally gave Charles Howard the thrill he had just missed two years running.

Johnny Adams was a length and a half to the good as he led the pack across the finish line aboard Kayak II and clinched \$91,100, first money, for Mr. Howard. And Kayak II had cut the Santa Anita track record for a mile and a quarter to 2:01.25, a balm for Mr. Howard's wounds of the two previous years.

Encouraged by Kayak II's success, Mr. Howard sent Seabiscuit back after the big prize again in 1940, along with the Argentine horse. Naturally, the entry was made a prohibitive favorite.

Seabiscuit, despite his two failures, drew top weight of 130 pounds whereas Kayak II, in spite of his victory the previous year, was sent in with 125.

The pair went to the post at 7 to 10. There was a double incentive for Seabiscuit, now seven years old, to win the Handicap this time.

First, it would probably be his last crack at it. Second, he could boost his winnings to an all-time high for the turf.

Red Pollard was back in the saddle again, resolved that this time there would be no reason for anyone blaming him if the mature campaigner failed once more.

This time, Red kept Seabiscuit just off the pace which Whitchose again was setting—and wonder of wonders, when they rounded into the straight away for home, the leader was out in front by a head.

More wonderful still, this time the head was Seabiscuit's.

But wait, there was Kayak II, urged on by Buddy Haas, coming on like a tornado. Would Seabiscuit last?

Those who doubted the twice beaten galloping gold mine's staying powers even for a flash felt guilty when Pollard gave him his head in the last

sixteenth and let him pull away from his stable-mate to win by a good length and a half margin.

The victory, long delayed, was well worth waiting for and fittingly crowned a glorious career.

That day, Seabiscuit added \$86,650 to his earnings which lifted them to \$137,730, a new record up to then.

He covered the mile and a quarter in the record-breaking Santa Anita time of 2:01.15, a mark which still stands, although equalled in 1945 by L. B. Mayer's Thumbs Up.

And having routed that head jinx that had dogged him, he was satisfied to go into retirement.

But for Charles S. Howard, the hoodoo persisted. The next year, taking another crack at Santa Anita's \$100,000, this time with Midland and Porter's Cap who were made even money favorites, he saw the least favored horse in the race, Bay View, splash through the mud to victory, paying \$58.20 to \$1.

Nick Wall, the jockey who had pushed Stagehand's head in front of Seabiscuit's in 1938, now came back to haunt Mr. Howard. He rode Bay View over a sloppy course and won over Midland by a head.

That gander at a horse's head cost Mr. Howard \$28,360, since the race that year was worth \$86,360 to the winner and \$20,000 second money.

Add \$29,360 to the \$142,150 Rosemont's and Stagehand's heads had cost Mr. Howard and what have you got?

Not magnolia, but \$211,510, which isn't timothy, either, but a pretty penny to pay for three views of horses' heads.

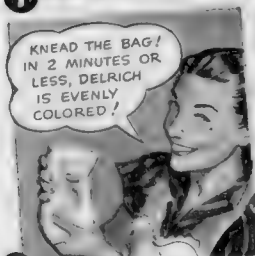
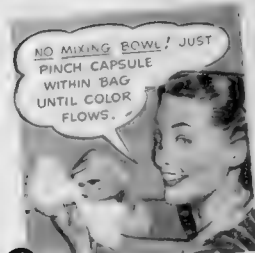
TACK onto Seabiscuit's lifetime's earnings of \$437,730 that additional \$142,150 he might have won but for two of those costly heads, and we get \$579,880.

That figure would have left Seabiscuit top money winner until recently. Assault and Stymie have established new records in earnings and are battling for first place which will only be determined when one of the colts is retired.

But, heads or tails, it must be admitted that \$137,730 is a lot of dough for one Seabiscuit.

Now!

NO MIXING BOWL NEEDED TO COLOR MARGARINE!



Only Delrich Margarine Comes in New E-Z Color Pak!

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Watch your family tease to color Delrich in the new E-Z Color Pak!

SO EASY A CHILD CAN DO IT!



MAUD LOTY'S LUCK.



A Caricature of Maud Loty by Sam—the Famous French Comedienne Is Sitting Pretty Again After a Windfall Blew Her Way.

By Jack Oestreicher

ONCE the favorite comedienne of Paris, the toast of the boulevards, Maud Loty in recent years has fallen on lean days, but her luck has never forsaken her.

Now—just when it seemed in post-war France that she would hardly eke out a living reading palms and tea leaves—good fortune has smiled on her again.

Out of the blue, she's had a windfall. She's received 100,000 francs sent to her by a mysterious philanthropist, in the United States, who once was her chauffeur.

In her heyday, after World War I, when she ruled like a queen not only in the French capital but Deauville and Cannes, this wouldn't have been much of a stake. Today Maud Loty, aging, but still dynamic, admits it's more currency than she's seen in a long time.

American GIs who have returned from Paris during the last year or two may have some recollections of la Loty, either for her current ministrations as a stringy-haired fortune-teller in a cabaret on the Place Pigalle, or from the unforgettable caricature of her that hung for quite a while on the wall of Harry's

New York Bar in the Rue Daunou.

The place where she is working now is called "La Roulotte," which means "The Caravan," and when she was asked the other day how she came to choose this outlet for her inexhaustible energies, she replied:

"When I had money in the old days, I gave much of it to fortune-tellers. I went to them so often and listened so much to what they said that I ended up by understanding all their secrets."

Loty knew more than the secrets of fortune-tellers, and still does.

She was a millionaire, the wife of a South American tycoon, the owner of a huge racing stable, the confidante of the Aga Khan, one of the Rothschild Barons, and a friend of the Duke of Windsor.

She started professional life as a performer with the famed old Grenier Circus of France, either as a paid employee or a child sold into the entertainment business by callous and impecunious parents.

Maud likes to talk about the old, old days, and with habitual impishness she will tell one story today and another tomorrow.

It does seem likely that she did have a genuine stage debut in a Henri Bernstein play, had a small role in the original production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" and was on one occasion a pupil, certainly not an understudy, of Sarah Bernhardt.

Maud Loty in her youthful days filled completely the classic conception of a French comedienne.

That meant she could not act, she could not dance, she could not sing, and when she did talk it was in the intimate manner of the boudoir. It was of no great importance that she lacked real theatrical ability. She had the first radio-equipped limousine in Paris when such luxury was in the realm of complete unbelief.

Yellowed old clippings bring Maud Loty into close association with famous figures in the history of Parisian high links.

The multimillionaire perfume manufacturer Albert Weisner gave her his horse "Epinard," one of the classic runners of all time in whose memory a statue has been erected.

In her theatre days Loty's dressing room was filled to the rafters

night after night with flowers and with jewels. Before the time when a car with a radio was a practical thing, her English automobile had a bar that was stocked from top to bottom.

Where did it all come from?

In Maud Loty's treasure chest of luck in times past there always was a dog, sometimes a fox terrier, sometimes a Russian wolfhound. Always they were beautifully washed, perfumed and beribboned, and they had a way of "getting lost" in the hotel suite of some wealthy man at Deauville, Biarritz, Cannes, Nice and sometimes Monte Carlo.

They also always wore a jeweled collar upon which Maud's name and address were carefully engraved just in case the man got curious.

More times than not, the guileless finder brought the lost pet home, where Maud just happened to be at the moment—taking a little rest in her most attractive negligee.

Sooner or later, the conversation got around to the high cost of living and the caller usually expressed his sympathy by leaving five or ten thousand francs.

Those days, of course, are long past. Maud has been in most of the prisons of Paris off and on during the last few years and she boasts that she has been arrested for sleeping on park benches and even on the steps of the church of Sacre Coeur on the top of Montmartre Hill.

By John Dienhart and Gene Coughlin

WHEN the cab driver heard the question he pulled over to the curb, shut off his meter, and turned in his seat so he wouldn't have to talk out of the corner of his mouth.

We were parked on Chicago's North Clark street, not far from the cathedral whose stone front was chipped by gangsters' machinegun bullets not too long ago. We weren't far, either, from the garage where gangsters had executed seven men in the St. Valentine Day massacre that had clinched the title of Capital of Crime for Chicago.

The cab driver repeated the question: "You ask me what's happened to Chicago? I was a racketeer here for a lot of years. When the Democrats put up Martin Kennelly for mayor last winter I bet \$500 on him. Day after election I collected and took a trip to California and Arizona. Plenty of other racket guys did likewise."

Chicago is the world's greatest railroad center. A train arrives or departs every 44 seconds.

"I came back to town," the cab driver went on, "and got a job driving a hack. Where I used to make a hundred bucks a day I make 10 or 15 now. But I'm happier. If I hear a pop-pop noise I know it's a backfire. If my doorbell rings I'm not afraid to answer it. I'm a citizen now. Not a nuisance."

An hour later we visited a friend on the South Side. He was upset because he wanted to bet \$100 on Stymlie at a New York track, and hadn't been able to get any of three bookmakers on the phone.

We walked around the corner to a cigar stand not far from 22d street and Wabash avenue, Hoodlum Hollow in the shameful and sordid days of Big Jim Colosimo and Al Capone.

The big man behind the cigar counter shook his head when the \$100 bet was offered and pointed to the dusty telephone and the broken wires.

"The cops didn't do that," he said. "I did it, so I wouldn't be in touch with the syndicate for booking big bets. A \$2 bet yes, to accommodate a friend but nothing commercial. The new mayor means it and I don't know but what he's right."

What's happened to Chicago? An advertising executive pondered the question uptown on Michigan avenue. His answer:

"I know of five corporations that would gladly pay Martin Kennelly \$150,000 a year. He gets \$18,000 a year as mayor and he's working 12 or 15 hours a day. Not only that, he's got the aldermen working! He's got all of us working trying to keep up with him. By golly, he's even got our streets clean!"

It was still puzzling to someone who had known Chicago in the old days when gunmen ordered citizens out of a cafe while they killed rival gunmen; when pedestrians squinted to protect their eyes from flying dirt; when aldermen spent much of their time and much of the taxpayers' money in Hot Springs, Ark.

But it wasn't puzzling after we found out the average or composite mental attitude of the Chicagoan today. Here it is:

Chicago has been known for its pioneering, its forward thinking and planning.

Chicago is the world's greatest manufacturer of radio, electronic and telephone equipment. It is the world's greatest air transportation center.

NOW Chicago is pioneering again. This time pioneering a system of government under which the political Outs work with the Ins; employer and employee go to lunch together; the rich go slumming, not out of curiosity but out of a spirit of helpfulness.

It's more than municipal government. It's Community Government.

Under Mayor Martin Kennelly it's working in Chicago and with men like him it could be effective in any community, large or small.

Martin Kennelly is not of Chicago. He is Chicago and the Chicago spirit.

He was two years old when his father died and his mother, with the strength and tenacity of the native Vermonter, took over the solitary task of raising her five children. Martin Kennelly's first memory was that of his mother counting out pennies and nickels in a cup.

"They're for the tax collector," she would explain to the five youngsters yearning for a penny's worth of candy.

Then she would survey the shabby frame building in the poor Back of the Yards district, pat down a strip of torn linoleum, and add:

"If we pay the taxes they won't take our nice home away from us."

The memory made Martin Kennelly a life-long

Rainbow

Republicans voted against their own candidate, Russell Root, to help Kennelly roll up a record majority of 250,000. Later, the new mayor found that several corporations were blocking his better housing and slum clearance programs. He called the corporation heads into his office. "I know some of you voted for me," he said. "But that's not enough. You have to work for me, and Chicago, or I will take steps—"

They left with the it-won't-happen-again attitude.

Chicago has a program of \$31,075,000 for slum clearance to make way for \$125,000,000

defender of the taxpayer. He went on to peddle papers, to earn \$2 a week at Marshall Field's, to continue his education and, with his own chain of warehouses and his own trucking lines, became a bachelor millionaire whose only sweetheart was his mother.

He was protecting the taxpayer when he resigned from his non-salaried post on the Park District Board because other members insisted on adopting budgets which he offered to prove were excessive and unnecessary.

He was protecting the taxpayer when the powerful Democratic County Central Committee finally convinced him he should run for mayor. He would run, Kennelly said, but the "organization" could expect no favors from him.

Shortly after he took office as mayor last April, he dropped 400 organization members from the city payroll because they weren't earning the money the taxpayers were giving them. He shifted 35 police captains, suspended two others. And the Democratic County Central Committee made no protest!

That was one step in the new Community Government. Others:



Bachelor Mayor Kennelly, the Man Responsible for the Rainbow Over Chicago, Is Raising His Own "Family" by Adoption—the Boys and Girls of the Madonna Center in One of the City's Poorest Neighborhoods.

CHICAGO

worth of housing to be built by private capital.

That was another step forward in Community Government.

Employers voted for him, and so did employees. Early in his tenure as mayor, it seemed certain that milk wagon drivers would call a strike.

Mayor Kennelly called employers and employees, management and labor into his office and they talked for several hours. At midnight when the representatives said they would go home and meet some other time, probably after the strike had taken effect, the mayor said:

"Gentlemen, we know this strike is going to be settled. All strikes are settled—eventually. Let's settle this one before it starts. After all, the children of Chicago must have milk. And I think all of us intend to see that they get it."

The representatives sat down again, and the settlement was signed at dawn. Chicago children got their milk. On time.

There is no racial friction in the new Chicago, arched now by a rainbow heralding the end of class, underworld and race warfare. Federal street, where men were hanged from lamp posts in the bloody riots of 1919, is now the center of a peace-loving, church-going Negro community, largest in the world.

Machineguns have quit popping in Chicago. There is no such thing as "mugging," the brutal beating of victims, men and women, by sadistic holdup men.

Not so long ago, Chicago's law enforcement agencies, including the state's attorney's office, found themselves so deeply involved with the forces of vice and corruption that citizens had to call on The Man With the Whiskers, the United States Government, to clean house for them. Now Chicago with its government of, by and for the people, protects its own citizens, enforces its own laws.

Martin Kennelly, who raised \$12,000,000 for the American Red Cross, brought to the office of mayor a life record that forced his detractors, in a bitter campaign fight, to warn their underlings to avoid all personal attacks on Kennelly.

The nearest thing to such an attack came when his opponents said Kennelly trucks had hauled ballot boxes to the polling places.

They did. But the ballot boxes

were hauled below cost, saving the taxpayers' money again.

Mayor Kennelly prizes a letter he received when he left the employ of Marshall Field, where he started work for \$2 a week. The letter states: "He did his work very well and we found him honest."

The handsome bachelor mayor is raising his own "family" by adoption. It consists of the boys and girls of the Madonna Center, a club located in the heart of one of the poorest neighborhoods in the city. He is president of the Center and a regular visitor and chief sponsor.

HE TOLD the undernourished and underprivileged boys and girls:

"Be honest in all things. Don't cheat even in little things. I once knew a bank president who lost his banking business because he insisted on cheating in his golf scores."

When George F. Harding, Republican leader, died he left an estate of more than \$5,000,000 and designated Martin Kennelly as successor trustee of the estate. His will contained a terrific tribute to the new mayor of Chicago.

It specified he should not post a bond!

Chicago is the healthiest large city in the world.

Martin Kennelly served as co-receiver of a sand and gravel company made bankrupt by politicians on and off the payroll.

At the end of four years, the company made profitable again, he resigned and told the stock holders:

"During the last four years no politician's name has been on your payrolls; no politician's name even spelled backward."

"I am for integrity in business as well as in public office. I believe that men in business who go around in the guise of respectability committing illegal acts or condoning them are not real American citizens; not to think of the moral questions involved."

Mayor Kennelly's deep blue eyes were twinkling when we talked to him for the first time in

(Continued on Page 29)

By G. B. Lal

A NEW Histamine treatment for migraine headaches has been under trial and has given very encouraging results. Drs. Stuyvesant Butler and William A. Thomas, of the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, recently have reported to the American Medical Association that by the use of Histamine, a potent chemical, they have been able to prevent the recurrence of migraine in several hundred cases.

Histamine solution is injected drop by drop into the patient's veins for several hours. The treatment is given each day for three to six days. Nearly 85 per cent of those treated have been greatly benefited; and 45 per cent of all have been free of a migraine attack for as long as five years.

This therapy is not meant for the relief of migraine headache, but for its prevention and, perhaps, permanent cure. For the alleviation of head pain and other associated symptoms, such as nausea, and disturbances of the senses, Ergotamine Tartrate and DHE-45 have been found to be helpful, provided they are used early enough after an attack begins.

Remedies for MIGRAINE, POLIO, DEAFNESS

DHE-45 is much less likely to be injurious than Ergotamine, although both are Ergot derivatives. These drugs are not to be used by persons having high blood pressure, which they might increase. The time to use them, whether by mouth or by injection, is when migraine is in its first and early second stages. The attack

last phase, of grinding pain all over the head, develops.

The explanation, given by the Chicago physicians, is that in migraine the head's blood vessels become dilated, enlarged, swollen and distorted.

What causes this rush of blood to the head? It's Histamine, known to enlarge the blood vessels. Ergotamine has the opposite effect.

By their Histamine drip treatment, the Chicago doctors build up a resistance to the body's own Histamine supply.

There are other types of Histamine headaches, especially investigated by Dr. Bayard T. Horton, of Mayo Clinic, in which the internal carotid artery is enormously expanded. The headache occurs in cycles, which may last from two to 12 weeks or longer, with head pain occurring as many as 16 times each 24 hours. When the cycle is over, the person is free of all pain; but this holiday from suffering does not last long. The cycles recur more and more frequently. Anti-Histamine drugs, of the kind used against allergy, have been used.

Drs. Butler and Thomas especially recommend two — Pyribenzamine, which is available, and "Searle's 837," which is being used only experimentally as yet.

Headache is only a symptom, not a disease in itself, and it might be caused by some mild disturbance or serious disease, such as brain tumor and high blood pressure. Any one prone to frequent headaches should consult a good physician, for the treatment depends on the type of pain and the underlying conditions.

New Operation for Deafness

Dr. Julius Lempert, of New York, has improved his method of relieving otosclerosis — progressive deafness caused by the closing up of the natural window of the ear through which airborne sound waves enter the inner ear.

His operation, which has made him famous all over the world, is known as "fenestration." When it is performed, a tiny window is opened in the bony structure above the ear drum.

Dr. Lempert has discovered how to prevent the closing up of the artificial window, which occurs in many cases following the operation.

The surgeon and scientist has found that by polishing with pure lead the rim of the window, the bony tissue will not grow up and close the opening again. The lead treatment keeps the window permanently open.

Liquid Oxygen Skin Treatment

Liquid oxygen is intensely cold. When it is applied to any part of the body it freezes and kills the tissues. Knowing this, two Cincinnati physicians, Drs. Roy L. Kile and Ashton L. Welsh, have used on several thousand patients this simple chemical for removal of warts, white patches (leucoplakia), strawberry and raspberry marks (hemangiomas, or tumors of blood vessels), keloids and similar blemishes.

Ordinary sterilized cotton wrapped around a piece of wood, of any desired size, is dipped into liquid oxygen. Withdrawn, it is pressed, lightly or firmly as required, where the skin tissue is to be treated. In 15 to 90 seconds the wart or tumor or keloid is frozen and lifeless. The method causes some pain.

Polio Treatments

A brilliant young scientist, Dr. Glenn Millikan, son of the great physicist, Dr. R. A. Millikan, was recently killed in an accident, but he had already rendered a great service to mankind. He had developed methods for rapidly measuring the amount of oxygen present in the blood, by use of a small instrument attached to the ear. Using such a device medical specialists learn about one of the worst forms of infantile paralysis, involving interference with breathing.

"Bulbar poliomyelitis" is a group of different diseases due to the degeneration of parts of the "bulbar" or brain stem center. At the University of Minnesota, treatments of the various symptoms have been developed, reducing deaths from 80 to 30 per cent.

Dr. A. B. Baker, of Minneapolis, Minn., one of these medical scientists, has mapped out for the American Medical Association just the kind of treatments suitable for polio victims whose respiration, blood flow, chest, face or other muscles or emotional patterns have been jolted.

Illustrated by
DOROTHEA FOX



Liquid Oxygen Is Being Used as a Quick Skin Blemish Remover. It Is Said to Be Simple and Effective and a Particularly Convenient Treatment for Children.

begins with "pre-headache" disturbances, such as of vision, hearing, taste and smell and loss or disturbances of skin sensation. Some times a sort of half blindness, or seeing "sparks of light," portends the attack.

Headache, usually on one side, begins the second stage. There is a throbbing pain, which grows worse. If Ergotamine or DHE-45 is used, the attack might be wholly stopped or weakened. But the treatment is seldom of value when the

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IKE WHITE and the Oyster Pirates

A LONG the New York waterfront, two young men dressed as seamen sauntered into small barrooms, dropped in at employment agencies, and mingled with seafaring men on the docks. Persistently, they asked a question which everyone thought was nonsense.

"You fellows know where we can find a couple boys named Jo Rosen-cranz and Jake Friedberg?" they inquired.

No one knew. No one had ever heard of the boys. It began to look as if the curious young men might as well give up, and go back to the city room of the old New York World.

They weren't seamen. They were Ike White, the World's ace reporter of a generation ago, and his rough-and-tumble sidekick, Gus Roeder. They were incognito and out on assignment to find in all New York two immigrant youths who had vanished as their incoming freighter docked.

Finally they came upon a weather-beaten longshoreman who said abruptly:

"Sure, I know them. I shipped on the freighter with them. They were both shanghaied somewhere off the coast of Maryland!"

For Ike White, it was not only a tip on a story. It was the password to adventure.

"Shanghaied?" Ike prompted. "Oyster bed pirates took 'em off the freighter," the longshoreman said. "Took 'em off to put 'em into slavery, you might say."

Ike—Isaac DeForest White—bought him a drink and got the details, which he then took back to his city editor.

"It really looks as if these pirates have got the boys," he said. "They are oyster dredgers. They rake the oyster beds in spawning areas where dredging is against the law. They're plundering Chesapeake Bay and cleaning up a fortune. I'd like not only to find our missing boys but also to expose the pirates."

"Go ahead—and come up with a story," the city editor told him. Within a day Ike was in Maryland. He was learning that the pirates were

defying both state and federal governments, shanghaiing laborers, and riddling the rich oyster beds, supposed to be protected by law.

"Find Cap'n Tub Beauchamp and you've got the man who shanghaied the two immigrant boys," he was told. "Get him and you've got the kingpin of the pirates."

Ike thought that officials would like to hear that. They didn't. Maryland politicians cold shouldered him. He went to Washington, and asked for a Navy cutter. His request was pigeonholed. He went back to Maryland, and this time took his trusty, Gus Roeder, with him.

Again, they walked strange ways, incognito. They had taken a quick course in the oyster business, and now along the Maryland wharves they posed as oyster speculators.

The words "black market" were not known then, but that was the kind of market where pirates' oysters were sold. Ike and Roeder let it be known that they were that kind of marketers, and so of course were ready to do business with Cap'n Tub Beauchamp.

Where state and federal authorities had dilly-dallied, they moved in. They learned where Cap'n Beauchamp was operating. They finally induced state officials to issue warrants for chiefs of the pirate fleet—Cap'n Beauchamp, Cap'n Noah Ward, Cap'n Jeff McNamara, and others.

"Now we're getting somewhere," Ike said to Gus Roeder, and together, with a deputy marshal, they put out in a tug chartered from its owner.

For 10 days in a cold fog they groped. Then they spotted the pirate fleet putting into St. Endigo's Creek. There they waited for night, and in the darkness Ike and Roeder

shoved off in a dinghy with oars muffled by matting.

They rowed in, and they found, dim ahead of them, the Kate Darling, Cap'n Noah Ward's own ship.

They noted the spot, rowed back to the tug, and at daybreak, taking the deputy marshal and his warrants with them, they returned to the Kate Darling.

The crew was asleep as they noiselessly boarded the ship. They drew their guns.

"Cap'n Ward!" Ike called sharply. "Come out with your hands up!"

The pirate captain came out, hands up, blinking in amazement, a grotesque and ruffled figure. Meekly, he surrendered the Kate Darling.

In a makeshift brig aboard the tug, he was induced to talk. Cap'n Jeff McNamara's ship, the Lina Cox, was near by, he said. He told where.

Ike White was the first to spring aboard the Lina Cox, and as he did so, Cap'n McNamara drew a bead on him with his rifle. But within seconds the captain lowered the rifle. He saw that Ike's two companions in the dinghy had him covered.

"I'd as soon go to hell as to jail," cried the Cap'n, although he surrendered as abjectly as Cap'n Ward had before him.

"Now for the kingpin," Ike said to Roeder, and the tug began to scout for Cap'n Beauchamp.

It didn't take long. Ike sighted the captain's dredger, saw Beauchamp leave it and visit another boat.

"We'll get him while he's visiting," said Ike, and they did. He, Roeder and the deputy marshal pounced on him as he was making a social call.

"Yes, I give up," said the Cap'n, "but I'm a misunderstood man. I am just what the oyster industry needs. I keep the costs down!"

They also held shanghaied men in bondage, Ike White found, precisely as he had suspected, and a little later he stood back, satisfied at last, as authorities took over.

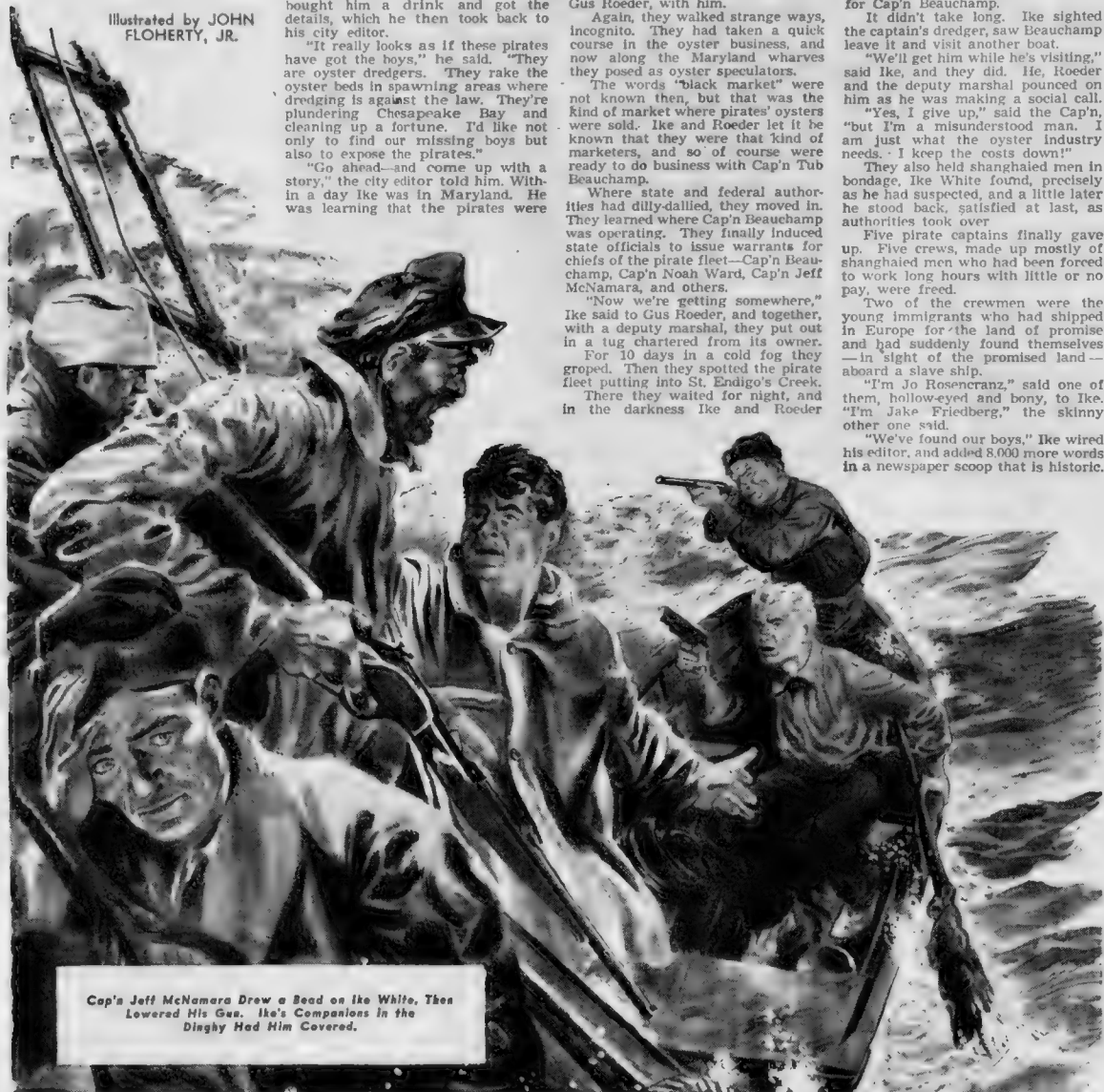
Five pirate captains finally gave up. Five crews, made up mostly of shanghaied men who had been forced to work long hours with little or no pay, were freed.

Two of the crewmen were the young immigrants who had shipped in Europe for the land of promise and had suddenly found themselves—in sight of the promised land—aboard a slave ship.

"I'm Jo Rosen-cranz," said one of them, hollow-eyed and bony, to Ike. "I'm Jake Friedberg," the skinny other one said.

"We've found our boys," Ike wired his editor, and added 8,000 more words in a newspaper scoop that is historic.

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.



Cap'n Jeff McNamara Drew a Bead on Ike White, Then Lowered His Gun. Ike's Companions in the Dinghy Had Him Covered.

PROMISE to a Child

GIS WERE marching through a floral arch at Southampton, England, when a man in civilian clothes, clutching something about the size of a hand grenade, suddenly raised his arm as if to throw.

He did not throw, however, because the thing he held was a counting machine. As his arm went up, an officer commanded: "Halt!"

Sergeant Paul S. Shimer of Chambersburg, Pa., found himself standing under the arch.

Just why were all eyes and cameras focused on him?

What had he done? Why was the Honorable Rex Stranger, mayor of the city, striding toward him with a look as if his sergeant's stripes were as important as brass?

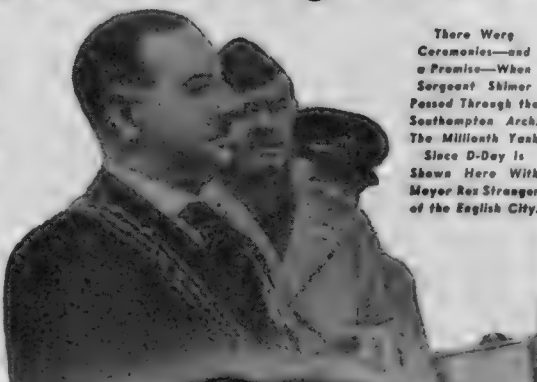
Because, as they soon told him, he was one man in a million, literally, the millionth Yank to pass through Southampton, since D-Day, on his way to the front.

"What luck!" thought the boys, just in front and just in back of their millionth buddy, as the mayor led him away for a private conversation while they had to stand listening to the many long speeches which, it seems, must always go with such occasions.

Mayor Stranger asked his guest many questions, learning among other things, that he was 26 years old, married and the father of a three-year-old daughter, Patricia Ann Shimer.

"She's kind of pretty," said the sergeant and proved it with a picture.

"Lovely child. You are indeed a lucky man," was the mayor's comment but, as he spoke, he felt a



There Were Ceremonies—and a Promise—When Sergeant Shimer Passed Through the Southampton Arch. The Millionth Yank Since D-Day Is Shown Here With Mayor Rex Stranger of the English City.



millionth Yank, but to her, the only one in the world, had been killed in action by the explosion of two land mines, as he led a charge against a strategic hill.

The widow had to explain to Pat why her daddy would not be coming back home.

She had to support herself and child by working in a beauty parlor, making other wives beautiful for husbands who would come back, as most of them eventually did.

All this time Mrs. Shimer knew nothing of Mayor Stranger's promise because the mayor himself had not kept in touch with the sergeant.

Why hadn't he?

The answer is 50 bombings to which his city had been subjected. After the bombing and shooting stopped, he took time to inquire where his millionth Yank was to be found and learned that he was under a little white cross.

But that verbal promise was as good as if Paul had appeared to him with a promissory note. So it happened that Mrs. Shimer was notified by the British Information Service that Southampton's wartime mayor, with Mrs. Stranger, were to visit her and her daughter, at the Mahaffey residence in Chambersburg.

He did not come empty-handed. He flew in from Washington with the certificate of a trust fund amounting to 1,000 English pounds, equivalent to about \$4,000 in American money, all for little Pat, now six years old.

He could not deliver the cash itself on account of restrictions against exporting money from England, but these would surely be lifted long before the girl reaches college age, when it is to be used.

He did not return empty-handed either. The citizens of Chambersburg gave their distinguished visitors a worthy welcome, including something better than speeches, namely a certified check for \$3,000 donated from the townspeople and to be followed by a carload of apples donated by surrounding apple-growers and timed for distribution just before Christmas.

According to their dog-eared and somewhat antiquated geographies, Chambersburg had only 13,000 population in 1915 but every Southampton youngster can tell you that it produces shoes, woollens, silk and stockings also, though the big, flat book does not say so, some very nice people, and apples.

Many an English child would walk a mile for one crisp, juicy apple.

Mrs. Marion Shimer and Her Six-Year Old Daughter, Patricia Ann, the Beneficiary of Mayor Stranger's Wartime Pledge.

He seems not to have written home about the promise, perhaps because he did not like to convey even the slightest suggestion he might not come back, and anyhow it was only a verbal promise.

On April 28, 1943, Mrs. Shimer picked up a paper with a picture of her husband being greeted by the mayor as the millionth Yank.

Proudly she showed it to her parents with whom she was then living. Then she tried to make little Pat understand that it was a nice thing for her father to be, even if not quite the same as becoming a millionaire.

One hour later she was showing it to a neighbor when there came that dread apparition of the war, a messenger carrying a telegram.

It was just what she feared. The

If I do, I'll look you up."

"I may not be there," the sergeant replied, as if he too suddenly had a premonition.

"Oh, you will be around, all right," the mayor assured in a hearty voice, "but whether you are not, I will see to it that your daughter gets a start in life."

Mayor Stranger does not remember the exact words of thanks but he will never forget the flash of gratitude in the soldier's eyes as, just then, the millionth man was dragged away for more pictures and the agony of an impromptu speech.

After that, to the front and into action went Sergeant Shimer.

twinge of premonition.

Also he learned that Paul had just worked his way up to be assistant manager of a chain store when the draft board of his home town of McConnellsburg, 25 miles from Chambersburg, sent him his papers. He and his wife, Marion Mahaffey Shimer, who had been childhood sweethearts, were married in 1938.

"Both my father and Marion's father are barbers," Paul volunteered. "Funny coincidence, isn't it?"

"Yes," the mayor agreed, and then, because he liked this young man, he added:

"You know, when the war's over I shall probably visit America, and

By Patricia Schmidt
(As Told to Jack Stone and Peter Levins)
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WHEN Jack Mee kissed me, I became his slave. I do not know any other way to describe it. I worshiped him. I believed him and trusted him. Without fears or doubts or suspicions of any kind, never dreaming that he could be anything but a fine, sincere man, thinking only of a gloriously happy future, I put my life and soul in his possession.

There is no longer a Jack Mee in whom I can place my trust. But there is Someone else. There is the Lord. I have opened my heart to Him. I have told Him my story, over and over again, here in Guanabacoa Prison.



and I know He has listened. His is the right to judge. His is the right to decree. Whatever He wills I shall abide by.

Jack Mee is dead. I killed him. On a dreadful day last April, aboard his yacht in Havana harbor, I fired the bullet that ended his life.

How could such a thing ever have come to pass? How could I, an ambitious, hard-working serious-minded girl of 21, who had previously subordinated everything—even love—to her career as a professional dancer, ever have reached such an extremity of desperation?

I had met this man only a year before. By early summer our romance was in full flood. Until only a brief while before the end, I was still trusting him and believing him and loving him with all my heart.

How then could it all have culminated in such a ghastly act?

I hope to explain this, step by step.

As I stated in the beginning, I do not know what my judges will decide. But whatever their decision, I shall be ready for it because I have learned, here in Guanabacoa Prison, to put my faith in the Almighty. For this I have to thank Father Antonio Rivas, the prison chaplain, who has been a never-ending source of strength and comfort during these months in a strange and far-off environment.

At the time I made the acquaintance of John Lester Mee, my years of struggle were just beginning to bear fruit. I had started dancing at the age of 4 in my native Toledo, Ohio, and had worked hard—as only a dancer must work—to lift myself above the ranks. Finally, in March, 1946, I landed a contract as a novelty number entertainer in the Silver Palm cafe in Chicago.

Jack Mee entered my life a few weeks later. I told him I was married and asked him. In so many words, whether he was, too. I had married Carl Sperry, just recently out of the Navy early the previous December, and within two weeks had discovered that the marriage was a mistake. Jack Mee, a lawyer who had been a PT boat commander in the South Pacific, told me that he had been married to a dancer but had been divorced for nearly three years.

I believed him. I had no reason to question

his statement. To me he seemed the essence of honesty and goodwill. In the beginning our friendship was casual and platonic; it never occurred to me to see whether, in the words of Solomon, his feet ran to evil, whether he walked "in the ways of darkness."

What a difference it would have made, in both our lives, if only I had investigated and learned the things I now know—too late!—about this strange, strange creature!

Had I done so, I would have found out that, for all his surface charm and brilliant intellect, Jack Mee long since must have sold his soul to the Devil; that his personality embraced traits and impulses which are usually described only in medical books.

A psychoneurotic, pathologically preoccupied with sensations, he actually had been devoting himself, almost to the exclusion of all other interests, to the deception, enslavement and emotional exploitation of women.

NOT clever, sophisticated women, mind you, not women who could ever match his own scintillating mentality, but merely attractive girls he could impress and dazzle and render helpless.

He had made this an exquisitely delightful diversion. He never gave a thought to what effect it might have on a victim. What happened afterwards was none of his concern. What intrigued him, primarily, were the "reactions," as he called them. He liked to watch how his sweethearts behaved under various kinds of treatment.

"Love, to me, is a sine qua non, a simple prerequisite to the destruction of all veneers which separate me from a woman's personality," he had written a man friend while he was in the South Pacific. "For me there is only beauty, music, the wind, sand and stars, woman and the life in a woman."

To me he wrote:

"I want to watch the expression on your

face as you strike me—want to see how deeply the experience affects you, or whether it affects you at all... I want you to whip me for the same reason."

As I read it something of the fierce, willful passion of the man imparted itself to me. Strange, gusty emotions swept me and I wondered: 'Can this be you, Patricia Schmidt, feeling this way?' I had always had gentle thoughts. Could it be that he was schooling me for violence?

In another letter he wrote:

"What should you write about? There are 100,000 things that you should want me to hear about. For example, tell me the story of your reactions... under the hanging moss and full moon in Florida. What were the things that went through your mind?"

In another:

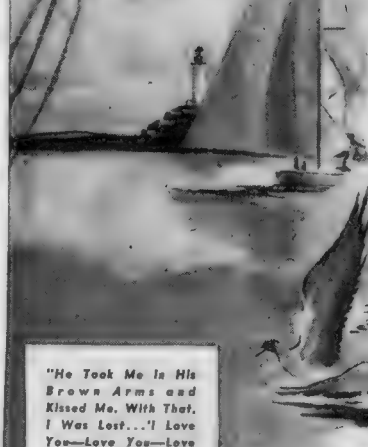
"Promise me, my beloved, one small, modest favor. That you shall permit me to... bring you dinner for you. Perfume you. Wait on you. Carry you to the sofa and read my poems to you. Brush your hair and kiss you."

Most of his poems—"stray fragments of unfinished thought," he called them—had been written during tedious months in the Pacific. Eventually he had them published at his own expense in Chicago under the title, "Tirana Diabla." The idea of an imaginary Tirana, meaning, in his own words, "a savage devil-enchanted," dominated many of his poems and became a favorite pet name for the women in his life, each of whom he believed she alone was the one thus addressed.

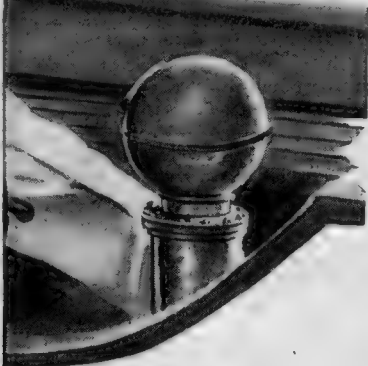
The long title poem, written after we had met and while he was preparing his collection for publication, concluded with these verses:

"I am licentious, erotic, satanic,

Yacht Tragedy



"He Took Me In His Brown Arms and Kissed Me. With That, I Was Lost... I Love You—Love You—Love You! He Kept Whispering, 'I Can't Live Without You!'"



"Poisonous, imperious, devouring;
"I am cold and insatiable, fierce and thirsting—
"I am sorceress, mystic, pariah—
"Sultana, Brahma, Sirena—
"Diabala, negra, madonna,
"Gitana, Siva, Natura—
"TIRANA DIABALA—that is I."

John Mee courted me as an unmarried man. After it was too late for me to turn back I learned he was a liar. His whole life was a lie.

John Mee, son of a socially prominent family of suburban Wilmette, Ill., had already become a promising attorney of 29 when he married blond Mary Dixon, a charming Missouri girl, in 1942. I gather that a mutual interest in dancing drew them together; later, unknown to his people, she danced professionally as "Marilyn Drake."

BUT the marriage was fated to be a stormy one. Time and again she found proof of his philandering, and time and again she forgave him. As she and others have said, Jack never could—or else never cared to—express himself in burning terms of endearment when he was with you "but in his letters he could tear you apart."

I have seen letters he wrote to his wife, as well as to other women, and each of them seems to reflect nothing but the most wholehearted, abject devotion. He seemed able to turn out ardent prose, as well as "stray fragments of unfinished thought," by the yard.

Here is an excerpt from a letter he wrote his wife from the U. S. naval hospital in Newport, R. I., after he had come back from the Pacific suffering from combat fatigue:

"You say, 'You must make yourself decide which is more important: your worship of me or

your freedom to love other women'—and I answer you, without qualification, with all the feeling, all the joys and sorrows of all my life—only my freedom to worship you, my darling, and I shall prove it in everything that I do. I want our love to rise above anything it has ever known."

But, as Mary Dixon Mee has explained, "I finally reached the state of mind where I could accept him for what he was, but couldn't live with him. I said to myself, 'Mary, you've got two choices: Go on living with this man, knowing he's cheating at every opportunity, and lose your pride; or quit now and keep your self-respect.'"

The final straw for the long put-upon wife was the discovery that, even while he was penning those protestations of deathless attachment, Jack was playing ducks and drakes with another very attractive entertainer, a successful singer of Broadway and Hollywood, Lorraine De Wood.

Miss De Wood, utterly taken in, had already begun to address her letters "Husband of mine," and to sign them, "Wife," when Mrs. Mee discovered what was in the wind. The upshot was that she wrote the singer, and Miss De Wood eventually had the grit and integrity to burn all Jack's letters and cut him loose from her life.

I envy Lorraine De Wood. She was able to escape.

Incidentally, I have learned since Jack's death that she attributes her good fortune to I mean in this matter of escape—to her religious faith. Because of her rock-like faith—she had wanted to enter a nunnery when she was 16—Miss De Wood was probably the only girl in Jack Mee's life who actually gave him pause—for a time.

"He always treated me graciously," Lorraine said, "not because he was afraid of me but because he was afraid of what I believed in."

How true that sounds!

The facts of Miss De Wood's connection with Jack, as I now know them, are as follows:

They first met in the Havana Madrid club in New York in 1943, while he was on leave. She found him good-looking "in a matinee-idol sort of way," but her heart did no flip-flops. They danced; he asked her for a luncheon date the next day. But the next day she was stricken with spinal meningitis and was taken to a hospital.

Jack couldn't see Lorraine at the hospital, but he sent notes and flowers and candy. The notes were soft and tender and full of feeling.

Released from the hospital after 10 days, she had a couple of dates with him, then he left abruptly for the Pacific. After that, came the letters again—tender, ardent, adoring. Almost before she realized it, she was answering him in kind, believing him and trusting him as I was to later, not knowing he already had a wife, living only for the time when he would come back safe and sound and fulfill those beautiful promises.

Then he came back—and Mary Dixon Mee wrote Lorraine, exposing his perfidy.

Some day I hope to meet Lorraine De Wood. I want to thank her for the sympathy she has expressed, and for her prayers.

I was 20 years old. Some people might say I should have known better. I'd been pretty much on my own since graduating from high school in 1943. I'd been around quite a lot.

How, then, could I have been taken in so completely?

Possibly it was because the progress of our romance was so gradual. In the beginning, Jack and I met only for dinner, and these dates had to be brief because I always had to be at the club by 9:30.

Once we'd become acquainted, he didn't show himself at the club any more. Said it was too crowded. But I believe now that he feared someone would recognize him and I would find him out. He knew that if I were to learn he had a wife, I would have nothing more to do with him.

Then, as the weather warmed up, Jack began to take me sailing. And it was during one of these lazy days in the sun, in early July, that he took me in his brown arms and kissed me.

With that, I was lost.

I use the word "lost" now. But at that moment, believe me, I certainly experienced no sense of loss—quite the reverse. It was as though the gates of Paradise had opened.

"I love you—love you—love you," Jack

kept whispering. "I can't live without you!"

The words echoed in my heart. Before, I had worked and dreamed toward one goal—success as a dancer. Now, nothing else mattered but—then Every fiber of my being, every thought, all my hopes and dreams, instantly became concentrated upon—this plausible liar.

"You'll marry me, darling?" he murmured. My lips against his, I could only breathe, "As soon as I can."

Oh, they seemed glorious, those summer days! Sometimes I told myself that it couldn't be true—that nobody could be this happy. And then I would laugh and pirouette and fling my arms in the air. It was true! It was really true!

Patricia Mee... Patty Mee... The names seemed meant for one another. "Happy me!" I laughed to myself. "Happy me!"

IN SEPTEMBER, Jack went to Wisconsin for a vacation with his family. Late in the month, I received an offer to go on a West Indies tour with several other girls. I consulted Jack about it, and he approved, saying he'd be all experience for me. He brought me books to read on the West Indies.

Then, in partnership with an ex-navy consort, Charles (Chuck) Jackson, he bought a supple navy YP patrol boat in Detroit. This vessel, 72 feet long, with twin gas engines, a two-burner cook stove and plenty of food and deck space, had cost the government \$75,000; they paid \$750.

While Jack was in Detroit, I signed up for the West Indies tour.

That was an evil day. My guardian angel could not have been on hand when I signed that contract. Nor Jack Mee's.

Some he was back in Chicago with the boat. He told me that I must get out of the contract, that he now had other plans for us. He said he wanted to take me on a trip aboard the boat down the Mississippi, across the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal.

"We will get married in Mexico," he said. "We will go to lovely Acapulco on the west coast. I'll start a night club, and you be all dance there. We'll make our home there."

"Oh, darling," I sighed. "That would be wonderful! But—I couldn't break the contract—I just couldn't. And of course I couldn't marry until my divorce goes through!"

He grew petulant, as he was wont to when he could not have what he wanted. "Damn the contract!" he growled. "Damn the divorce!"

"I'll meet you—Mexico—Cuba—anywhere, darling!" I told him. "I'll see Carl—he knows about us and won't stand in my way. I'll marry you the very moment I'm free!"

In subsequent days, Jack and Chuck busied themselves with the boat, and I got ready for the tour. They planned to take a small group of paying guests on a cruise which was to end in Acapulco, where they hoped to sell the craft for as much as \$20,000.

(The delights of life in Acapulco had become one of Jack's most effective lures. I have since learned. He had dangled the name of Mary, his wife, before Lorraine De Wood, and probably quite a few others.)

I gave my final performance at the Silver Palm on Oct. 30. The next evening we went on our first night-clubbing date. Though I was depressed by the thought of a separation, I was also tremendously buoyed—was that a contradiction?—by the promise of a joyous reunion in the not-too-distant future. All my thoughts were concentrated on the wonderful prospects opening up before me.

JACK gave me a white wolf coat as a farewell gift. Two weeks before, in celebration of his own 33d birthday, he had given me a black coat with ocelot collar and hat to match, cologne, shoes, makeup accessories, and loads of flowers. He also gave me a green Oriental dancing costume.

As we planned to meet in Acapulco, I put just about everything I owned aboard the boat—two wardrobe trunks, four boxes of things, suit cases, six hat boxes, a record player, a book.

In the rush of departure, I left money, jewelry and fur coats for Jack to take care of. He was to bank the money, send the jewelry to my father in Toledo, and store the coats.

On our last night, Nov. 1, we again whirled through a breathless round of the clubs. At 8 a. m., Jack put me on the train.

My heart seemed to burst as he kissed me good-by. But soon, as the train sped along southward, my spirits revived. I lay back in my chair, closed my eyes.

Acapulco—Acapulco, sang the clicking wheels. Patty Mee. Patty Mee—Patty Mee (Concluded Next Week.)

Illustrated by JAY WATSON



*"My—what an utterly
different soap!"*



Only in Swan...this
"super-creamed blend"
so kind to hands—so work-saving, too!

IT'S THE HAPPY RESULT of Swan's patented process.

No other soap has Swan's "super-creamed blend."

No other soap is made the Swan way—to pamper pretty hands, to cut dishpan drudgery

Read below what Swan's "super-creamed blend" can mean to you—how wonderfully pure, floating suds can lighten your dishwashing life!

Only Swan ends *dishpan drudgeries* this special Swan way



Your hands stay lovelier!

Your hands will prove the difference Swan's "super-creamed blend" makes! You can say good-bye to strong soaps and rough redness. Swan gives rich, soft-as-velvet suds—mild as fine castles. Gentle suds that pamper lovely hands!



Swan's faster suds save you work!

You bet it's different from other soaps—the way Swan swishes into faster suds! More suds—thick, creamy suds—because of that "super-creamed blend." Dishes come so shining-clean—no wiping's needed. A quick, hot rinse is enough.



Your glassware sparkles brighter!

Another wonderful difference of Swan's "super-creamed blend." Swan rinses away so completely—gives your precious glass and china a quick, bright gleam. No more soap streaks, cloudy film. No more tiresome polishing.



Washes more dishes per penny!

Yes, Swan makes a happy difference in your purse, too—thanks to its "super-creamed blend." For it means longer-lasting suds. Suds that do more work. And Swan is firmer. No excessive, wasteful soap-dish "goo."

Swan is different—Swan is better!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

MADE BY A
SPECIAL PROCESS
PATENT 2,215,339



YOU'LL LOVE SWAN FOR
BATH, COMPLEXION, DISHES
—BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT,
BECAUSE IT'S BETTER!

TURN 'BLACK' DARKNESS INTO BRIGHT DAYLIGHT

BOND SUPER-POWER

SOLID BRASS and/or COPPER FLASHLIGHTS

FOR ONLY 59¢ TO \$1.50 COMPLETE

Go now and inspect your dealer's big display of Bond Flashlights. Room here to show only 3 but every one is a postwar beauty. Prices start at 59¢ complete for vest pocket or purse Hand-Lite. Only \$1.50 complete for 2-cell First-Focus 1,000-foot Spotlite. Invest in a Bond Spotlite today. Prices include Bond Super-Power batteries.

59¢ COMPLETE
CHROMIUM PLATED VEST-POCKET OR PURSE HAND-LITE... Not a toy, but a SUPER-POWER 1 cell pocketlite with chromium-plated "solid brass" barrel. Has permanent "on" or "off" switch with red translucent button.

98¢ COMPLETE
"SOLID BRASS" 2-CELL SPOTLITE... What a value! It's nickel-plated and polished like re-minted silver. Handsome new BOND solid copper lock "on" and "off" switch.

\$1.50 COMPLETE
NEWEST IN ULTRA-MODERN DESIGN... This Deluxe SUPER-POWER 2-cell First-Focus Spotlite (2400) has chromium-plated "solid brass" barrel with ring hanger, translucent ruby red lensing which emits red warning side rays. Arrowhead 3-position safety lock switch.

USE BOND FRESH SUPER-POWER BATTERIES

Bond No. 102 Fresh SUPER-POWER flashlight batteries provide guaranteed fresh power not only for your flashlight but also for your portable radio, for hearing aids, for model airplanes, for photo flash holders, for acoustic instruments. Indeed you can use them extra long life in any item requiring this size of flashlight cell. Get them from BOND SUPER-POWER! Self-Service displays in stores that sell flashlights and batteries. Bond Electric Corporation, New Haven, Conn., Division of Olm Industries, Inc.

BOND FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES

Rainbow over CHICAGO

(Continued From Page 29)

to lose if the Democrats were to hold Chicago, the county seat.

They had to have the best possible candidate for mayor.

Kelly, himself an astute politician, stood ready to run if he should be "drafted" by his party.

They had to have the best possible candidate for mayor.

Chicago produces more steel and iron than any other area in the world.

Ed Kelly sat down and said:

"There is one man who can win—if you can get him to run."

"Who?"

"Martin Kennelly."

Martin Kennelly wasn't interested. He disliked politics and the idea of being

hampered by party strings or so-called obligations.

It took several pleas, and the non-partisan intervention of civic leaders and newspaper editors, to get Kennelly to change his mind. Finally he told the waiting committee:

"All right. I'll be a candi-

date. But it must be understood that the Democratic party organization, or any other organization, cannot expect favors from me in the event I am elected. I cannot compromise with my conscience."

The organization accepted the terms. Republicans voted for Martin Kennelly, along with the Democrats. Negroes and whites, management and labor marked his name on ballots. He won by 250,000 votes.

"Did the Democratic organization keep its word?" we asked Jack Arvey. "Has it asked the mayor for any favors?"

His aggressive jaw dropped but his eyes twinkled.

"I broke the promise," he admitted. "I asked him for a favor."

"Did you get it?"

"No. I asked him to play golf one Saturday afternoon and he turned me down. Said he was too busy. Mister, we've got a mayor!"

That's what has happened and is happening to Chicago. To help the reader understand the tremendous strides the great city has taken and the steps now planned to make it even greater, The American Weekly will turn Jack to the dark pages of its comparatively recent history.

Next week's installment will deal with Big Jim Colson and how he set up Al Capone and others in the "slimy business of crime, corrupting all politics."

Siegler Triple Duty KITCHEN OIL HEATER



PAYS FOR ITSELF 3 WAYS

HEATS—COOKS—FURNISHES HOT WATER

Installed in 30 minutes

AT FURNITURE, HARDWARE AND APPLIANCE STORES

WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION AND THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Manufactured and Guaranteed by

SIEGLER ENAMEL VANGUARD CO.

Stove Builders For 40 Years

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO

SIEGLER, BOX 111, CENTRAU, ILL.

For FREE information and the name of your Siegler Dealer.

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He has 34 ways to make your baby beam!

America's Best Known Baby brings you 34 of the best-tasting, really nutritious baby foods that ever got a gurgling from the spoon-fed set!

For Gerber's Are More than specialists in preparing better baby foods. They are specialists in preparing foods that babies like better, too!

More Doctors Approve Gerber's. So, ask your doctor how soon you can start your new baby on Gerber's special cereals. And when you can follow up with Gerber's Strained and Junior Foods.

These Junior Foods Mean Fewer Leftovers!

Babies like Gerber's better! And Gerber's small-size container (same size, same low price as Strained Foods) means more variety for Junior.

GET YOUR PICTURE of the famous Gerber baby—suitable for framing. Enclose 10¢ for mailing. Gerber's, Dept. AW9-7, Fremont, Mich.

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Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber's

BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

3 CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 JUNIOR FOODS



Letters to the Editor

COULD you please send me 50 reprints or more of your recent Household Almanac feature, "Fillers for Boy Scouts"? I'd like one for each boy in my Pack. Let's have more such columns.

William R. Terray, Cubmaster, Pack 118, St. Ann's Church,

Buffalo, N. Y.

(Cubmaster Terray has been sent 50 copies of the article.—Ed.)

At Champlain College, where I am a chemistry teacher, I have had many interesting discussions with students on the relationship between science and religion. It is an extremely important subject which affects all of us.

Would you be so kind as to send me a set of your "My Faith" articles? I'm sure they would be a valuable source of information for future discussions.

R. W. Kahala, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(A set of "My Faith" articles has been sent to Teacher Kahala.—Ed.)

We have been making a search for articles about the fabric, Ramie, and compiling a bibliography in connection with it. Your American Weekly article, "New Fabrics from an Ancient Grass" makes an interesting addition to the collection.

Ruth Beedle, Inst. of Textile Technology, Charlottesville, Va.

Two years ago my name was Jean Warbuton and I was the department store detective referred to in the title of your article, "England's Prettiest Sleuth."

Since that time, I have married a GI and am now living in the States. While I was in England, I was unable to obtain a copy of your story owing to the fact that my employer wanted it.

I would greatly appreciate your sending me a copy now, as I'd like to put it in my scrapbook. I'm a regular reader of your magazine and always enjoy it.

Mrs. Jean Gremchuck, Chicago, Ill.

(We have sent Mrs. Gremchuck a copy of "her" story. —Ed.)

May we have your permission to reprint the article on Vincent Youmans, entitled "What Price Security"? We would also like to print the illustration which accompanies the article.

E. W. McAdam, Editor, Music Magazine, Cleveland, Ohio.

(Permission granted.—Ed.)

After reading your article, "Swinnerton's Desert," I must write a line. I still treasure some pictures Jimmy Swinnerton drew when we went to school together back in Stockton, Calif. My deepest thanks for reviving these pleasant memories.

Mrs. Elias Nusbaum, Philadelphia, Pa.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 West Street, New York 1, N. Y.

September 14, 1947 31

NEW 6-TUBE
AUTOMATIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

America's Smart Set!

Admiral

AN '89⁰⁰ VALUE, only

\$69⁹⁵

Ask for Model 41

A RECORD-PLAYING
SENSATION

It brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. The greatest advance in high fidelity reproduction. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. Reveals hidden tone beauty even in your most frequently played records.

- 6-tube Superhel Radio
- Variable Tone Control
- Bass compensation
- Gleaming French Gold grille
- Plays up to 12 records automatically



BIGGEST VALUE in Table Radios!



Big in Performance!
Big in Size!
Small only in Price!
A '25⁰⁰ VALUE, only

\$17⁹⁵
(Economy)

Also available in striking ivory or mahogany plastic cabinet at slightly higher prices.

- A 5-Tube Radio Sensation
- Operates on both AC and DC
- Alnico No. 5 dynamic speaker
- Automatic volume control
- Beam power output for clear tone

FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY SEE YOUR ADMIRAL DEALER

If Your Child is THIN AND NERVOUS



by all means try Ovaltine

If a child's diet lacks certain food elements serious things can happen. Stunted growth, soft bones, poor teeth! Faulty nerves, loss of appetite, defective eyesight!

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary foods. Three glasses made with milk provide a child's daily requirement of vitamins A, B, C, D and E, and minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron.

But Ovaltine is more than just a vitamin carrier. It also provides basic food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard normal growth.

So if your child is thin and nervous, eats poorly, or can't gain weight, why not turn to Ovaltine?

OVALTINE

Women, women and more women now use Tampax

American women never flock to buy a bad product. You can trust them for that!



College girls, office girls, homemakers—wives, mothers and daughters of all kinds—are among the most enthusiastic converts to this different kind of monthly protection called "Tampax". Invented by a doctor and made of surgical cotton for internal-adsorptive use, Tampax is really the last word. It lifts your morale all through those "miserable days" each month because you know it can cause no odor and cannot cause a bulge or wrinkle in any costume. Daintily enclosed in patented applicators, Tampax is easily inserted and cannot be felt when in place. You will feel drier and cooler with Tampax. It cannot chafe, is quick to change and easily disposable. No belts, pins or external pads—may be worn in tub or shower or in swimming. Sold at drug or notion counters in these packages: Regular, Super, Junior for full-time use, Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MY GOODNESS...
SUCH GOODNESS



For Delicious Snacks Try Amy Adams Dainties Croquette Recipes Featured on Household Aromatic Paste

Teen-Age Tempest

So You Want to Get Ahead?

By URSULA TROW

EUGENE WILSON of Oakland, Calif., at 17, is one of the youngest store managers in the nation. He's been working part-time since he was 11, and his managerial position is an outgrowth of experience gained and work well done. Eugene not only draws a manager's salary, but has four full-time employees

run of the success ladder. Even in my own position I realize that a higher education will be necessary before I can reach the top. Plain common sense without an education can get a person just so far and no farther.

"Another thing I want to point out is that if a person just sits back and waits for



Courtesy and a Friendly Smile Are Two Big Stepping Stones to Business Success. Declares the 17-Year-Old Store Manager.

and one part-time worker under him.

We asked Eugene to tell us the secret of his success and for some advice on job hunting to other teen-agers. Here's what he wrote:

"Be courteous. A recent survey showed that more people complain about discourteous employees than any other fault in business. If a person can get into the habit of being courteous to everyone—his family, friends, customers, etc.—it's safe to say he's well on the road to success. A real smile and a genuine straight-from-the-heart 'thank-you' can mean a lot towards getting ahead.

"Have faith in your own ability. I read this quotation not long ago and it sounds like a good one to remember: 'Act as if you could not possibly fail, and you will succeed.'

"Stick to the job. Working for a while, then quitting, getting another job or being fired will not put you on the road toward real success.

"I think the most important requirement for getting and holding a job is a high school education. You shouldn't pass up a good education for any seemingly wonderful opportunities. I also believe a college education is necessary to really reach the top

the 'breaks' to come along to carry him to the top, he may sit and wait for the rest of his life. But if that person will get a job and keep working to the best of his ability—the 'breaks' will come along.

"Start out by taking part-time jobs while you're still in school. Keep your future plans in view even while working only part time. By this I mean if a boy has ideas of becoming a doctor, he should try to get a job in a doctor's office, even if it's only sweeping the floor at night. You can pick up a lot of valuable and practical knowledge that way, which comes in handy later on.

"And last, but certainly not least, trusting and believing in the power of God has been one of my greatest assets. I am quite certain that if more young people would go to some church and honestly believe and live the doctrines of that church, their chances for success would be much greater."

If any of the rest of you teen-agers have achieved early business success, how about writing in and telling us how you did it? Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, c/o The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

No Kiss—No Date

WE have a complaint from Audrey Brooks of Appleton, Wis., who is bitter about the advice some of you teen-agers gave when you said it's wrong to kiss the boys good-night after the first date.

She says, "On Monday night I had a date (the first) with the living model of my ideal dream man and my standards are high! At the end of the evening he expected a kiss. I refused (as a result of the ad-

vice imparted by the teen-agers).

"He was very hurt by my attitude and asked me two questions which I refer to you for answering:

"Gosh, am I poison?" and "Is the absence of a kiss on the first date an immunization measure?"

"He left in a very hurt mood and stood me up on our date today."

Well, what say, teen-agers? What's your advice to Audrey?

Glamorous Hair Invites Romance



Glamorous Alice Faye Starred on "Fitch Bandwagon"

Velvety Soft Hair that sparkles with radiant highlights will catch the eye... stir his heart. Bring out the natural loveliness in YOUR hair with Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo. Made from mild coconut and pure vegetable oils, this efficient shampoo does not "dry" the hair. Delightfully fragrant, it "suds-up" into a rich, billowy lather that completely removes all scalp odor. Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo contains its own patented rinsing agent, so only an ordinary water rinse is needed. No dull film remains. Buy it at drug or toilet goods counters... or have professional applications at beauty shops.



Fitch's

SAPONIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

OILY, DIRTY SKIN making you blue?

Well, cheer up! If your face is blotchy with blackheads and other superficial skin blemishes, you need the famous Pompeian that massages and good circulation produces. Put your best face forward with Pompeian Milk Massage Cream! At all toiletry counters.

POMPEIAN
Milk Massage Cream

**RELIEVE SKIN TROUBLE
THIS TESTED WAY**

If externally-raised pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Cent Test. Apply clean, pleasant-smelling POMPEIAN (scent-free) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting, prevent local bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Fresh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. All drug stores.

MERCIREX FOR SKIN
OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

Safeway
BRUSH-TOP

SPOT REMOVER
Brushes
Spots Away

High quality cleaning fluid combined with Unique Brush-Top Applicator, Convenient, safe, economical.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SAFEMAN CHEMICAL CO.

Wolworth Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

CORN THROB?

Don't Sob!

BLUEJAY WITH NUPERCALINE

GIVES GREATER RELIEF

Suffer no longer from painful corns! Simply apply a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster and enjoy carefree feet. Only Blue-Jay has the pain-curer, Nupercaline, that soothes while you walk! Gentle medication loosens hard "corns"—you just lift it out in a few days! No awkward bulk. A Blue-Jay won't slip or slide. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today.

Now in 2 SIZES

STANDARD and LITTLE TOE

Also Blue-Jay Soft Corn Plaster

"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 10

BLUE JAY

Corn Plasters

WORKS OVERNIGHT

to help clear up externally caused

"HICKIES"

For prompt relief apply Cuticura Ointment at night, after cleansing with Cuticura Soap. Scientifically medicated. Used by many doctors, nurses, certain hospitals. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-184, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA

SOAP

OINTMENT

25¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SAFEMAN CHEMICAL CO.

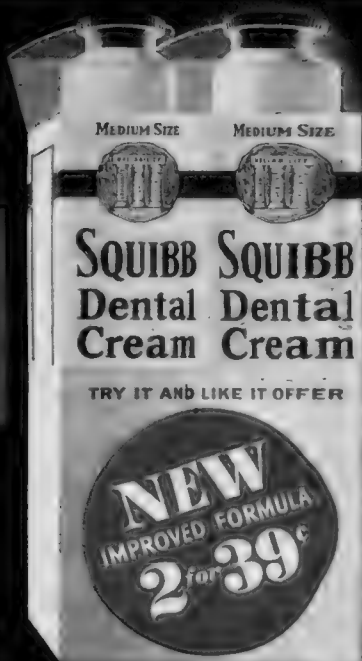
Wolworth Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



ANNOUNCING

NEW-IMPROVED

SQUIBB



DENTAL CREAM

action keeps on longer after the brushing stops

New improved Squibb Dental Cream is a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. It helps the cleaning by staying with your brush. It helps after the cleaning by staying longer on the job in your mouth. It's alkaline. It's flavored with natural oils—not synthetic. Stays soft in the tube—won't harden.

This trial offer guarantees your money back if you aren't completely satisfied. Just bring both tubes, even if empty, and the wrapper back to your dealer. He'll return the full 39¢. (Offer good only through Nov. 30, 1947.)

the alkaline dental cream

GOOD THINGS TO MAKE FROM Dried Fruit



Everybody knows how good Prunes are for breakfast, but not everybody knows how many good things can be made from them. For example . . .

7-DAY PRUNE CAKE — easy to make, wonderful to eat, and keeps fresh and moist for a full week!

- 1½ cups uncooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2½ cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon mace
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1½ teaspoons soda
- 1 cup boiling coffee

Wash prunes, boil 10 min. in water to cover, drain, pit, and put through medium food chopper. Cream sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs, mix. Add prunes, mix. Add flour sifted with salt, spices, and ½ tsp. soda, mix well. Add coffee in which remaining soda has been dissolved. Beat well. Pour into 3 well-greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 25 min. Combine layers with butter and sugar icing.

Try this Quick SUNSWEET Trick. Fill a quart jar with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, add boiling water to cover, and let stand. Good the next day, better the day after — the longer they stand the richer they get.

SUNSWET Prunes are treasured for sweetness and flavor, "Tenderized" for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in foil cartons for perfect protection, packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

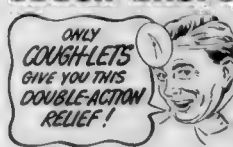


CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS ASSN. SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

SUNSWET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, and SUNSWET Prune Juice

You'll get 1 larger-lasting Relief, or Double Your Money Back!

with **AMAZING NEW CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS**



- 1 TASTY MEDICATION (Cough-lets X Formula) soothes!
- 2 CHEWING keeps your throat moist longer!

FOR BUZZ-SAW THROAT, CHEW PLEASANT TASTING



Safe for Children!

Gum Products, Inc., 150 Oldens Street, East Boston 28, Massachusetts

Send us your Back-Loggage Read Doris Column, "Looking for Loggage."

34 September 14, 1947

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

"OCCASION CROQUETTES" For A Different Supper

If you've ever had the notion that croquettes are a form of glorified hash, you're in for a delightful surprise when you try these recipes.

The chicken à la king croquettes with their golden brown crusts and creamy insides are further enhanced by a mushroom sauce. The cheese, rice and egg croquettes each have well blended and tasteful flavors. Either of these as well as the ones made with fish go well plain or with a good tomato sauce.

No matter what their basic ingredient is, their delicacy depends upon the goodness and flavor of the sauce that binds them together. It depends, too, upon the temperature of the fat in which they are cooked. It is desirable to brown the crust quickly without burning or spitting open the croquette, since the ingredients are already partially or completely cooked. Follow directions for a delicious and perfect croquette.

For dessert you have our favorite coconut cream pie.

Chicken à la King Croquettes

- 4 tbsps. shortening
- 5 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup canned chicken soup or chicken broth
- 2 cups cooked chicken, cut in small pieces
- 2 tbsps. canned pimiento, chopped
- ¼ cup sifted bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten, with 1 tbsps. water

Melt shortening in sauce pan. Add flour, salt and pepper, blend. Add chicken soup and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add chicken and pimiento, mix. Spread mixture in shallow pan; chill until stiff. Cut into croquettes — with a ¼" cutter. Roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry until brown in fat or oil, 1½" deep, heated to 370° F., or hot enough to brown a cube of day-old bread in 60 seconds. Drain on crumpled paper toweling. Serve with mushroom sauce. Serves eight.

Mushroom Sauce

- ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
- 1 cup cold water

Wash the mushrooms; remove and chop the stems, add the cold water and salt, cover, simmer gently ½ hour. Strain, saving liquid. Slice caps, place them in a skillet with butter, onion and paprika. Saute until mushrooms are light golden brown. Then stir in flour, blend, and add liquid with enough cream to make 1 cup. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add pepper, Worcestershire sauce, sherry, and salt to taste.

Golden Brown and Crispy Chicken à la King Croquettes Ready to Serve.

- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- ¼ tsp. paprika
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 cup cream
- Dash pepper
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ tbsps. sherry (optional)

Wash mushrooms; remove and chop the stems, add the cold water and salt, cover, simmer gently ½ hour. Strain, saving liquid. Slice caps, place them in a skillet with butter, onion and paprika. Saute until mushrooms are light golden brown. Then stir in flour, blend, and add liquid with enough cream to make 1 cup. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add pepper, Worcestershire sauce, sherry, and salt to taste.

Fish Croquettes

- 1 cup thick white sauce
- 1 tsp. minced parsley
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 2 cups flaked, cooked or canned cod, haddock, salmon, tuna or crab meat
- ¼ tsp. lemon juice
- ¼ tsp. salt
- Speck pepper
- Pinch dried sage
- Fine dried bread crumbs
- 1 egg plus 1 tbsps. water

Combine first 5 ingredients, and mix well. Add salt, pepper, and sage if desired. Chill—several hours—then shape with the palms of the hands into croquettes about 3"x1". (While this mixture may seem a little soft to handle, it makes croquettes

of delightful tenderness.) Coat on all sides with bread crumbs. Next roll in the egg and water which have been beaten together, and again in bread crumbs. Chill well before frying. Shallow fry a few croquettes at a time, in 1½" of fat or oil, heated to 300° F., or hot enough to brown a day-old cube of bread in 20 seconds, for about 2 min. Drain. Makes eight.

Ham Croquettes

Substitute 2 cups ground cooked ham for the flaked cooked or canned fish in Fish Croquettes

Egg Croquettes

- ¼ cup minced onion
- 3 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 4 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 1 cup milk
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 tbsps. cold water

Sifted dried bread crumbs. Saute onion in butter in top of double boiler over direct heat until tender. Blend in next 4 ingredients. Stir in milk; cook over boiling water, stirring, until very thick. Add chopped eggs. Chill. Form into croquettes about 4" by 1". Dip in egg mixed with cold water; roll in bread crumbs. Fry in 1½" fat or oil heated to 390° F., or hot enough to brown a cube of day-old bread in 20 seconds, until golden brown. Drain. Makes ten.

Cheese Rice Croquettes

- 3 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. minced onion
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 lb. grated cheese (1 cup)
- 1 tsp. salt
- Few grains pepper
- Few grains paprika
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 2 cups cold cooked rice

Sifted bread crumbs

Saute the onion in fat until tender. Add flour and blend. Add milk gradually, while stirring, and cook until thickened. Add next 7 ingredients and cook until the cheese is melted. Chill well; add rice, and shape into croquettes about 2½"x1". Roll in crumbs, then in egg and water. Roll in crumbs again. Fry until golden brown in 1½" of fat or oil heated to 390° F., or hot enough to brown a cube of day-old bread in 20 seconds. Drain and serve. Makes 12.

Tomato Sauce

- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. flour
- Speck pepper
- Powdered cloves
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 cup tomato juice

Melt butter in double boiler, stir in flour, salt and cloves, blend until smooth. Add tomato juice gradually. Stir well. Makes 1 cup sauce

Coconut Cream Pie

- 1 baked 9" pie shell
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- 5 tbsps. flour or cornstarch
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 2½ cups milk
- 3 eggs separated
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring or ¼ tsp. almond flavoring
- 1 cup shredded coconut

Combine ¼ cup of the sugar, flour or cornstarch, and salt in the top of a double boiler; add milk gradually, while stirring. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 15 min. longer, stirring occasionally. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the egg yolks, beaten with remaining ¼ cup sugar; stir into remaining mixture in double boiler and cook 2 min., stirring constantly. Remove, cool, and add vanilla. Fold in ½ cup coconut. Pour into baked shell. Cover with meringue made from the 3 egg whites. Then sprinkle with 1 cup coconut and brown in oven of 300° F. for 20 min.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamp, self-addressed envelope.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

TWO secrets for scrumptious biscuits!

1st secret

PARKAY recipe for Fluted Biscuits

2 cups of baking
powder biscuit mix

Parkay Margarine,
melted

Prepare dough with the biscuit mix. Roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut in two-inch strips. Stack five strips, one on top of the other, spreading lightly between all strips with melted margarine. Cut in two-inch sections and place each, cut-edge down, into a well greased custard cup. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven, 425°

You're all set now for the second secret—the one that makes *all* hot breads taste so good!

2nd secret

Serve with delicious, flavor-fresh PARKAY

Break open Fluted Biscuits . . . add Parkay Margarine's fresh, delicate flavor to each steaming, fragrant strip. That's when every morsel becomes a taste delight! Those choice products of America's farms, skillfully blended by Kraft, make Parkay the spread of choice in millions of homes. And remember—it's *no* secret that every pound of Parkay *always* contains 15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of important vitamin A.

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of American farms

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MUSHROOM OMELET

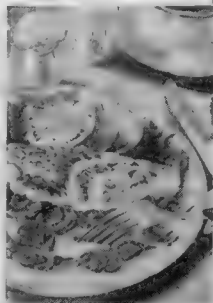
The one-dish meal with male appeal!

* RECIPE *

1 doz. crested mushrooms
4 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper

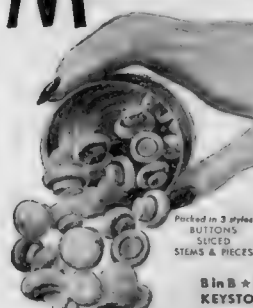
Trim mushrooms and sauté in butter. Remove mushrooms. Beat eggs, add mushroom liquid and seasoning. Cook in skillet over low heat. As mixture sets, lift edges, following innermost portion to run underneath. When omelet is firm, brown under surface, add mushrooms and fold. Serves 4.

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The Epicure

FRUIT CHARLOTTE
By JOAN BLONDELL

THERE'S nothing like afternoon tea for giving you a lift just before the let down period which comes about four in the afternoon. Whether you're tired from shopping, office work or acting before cameras, tea and a snack will restore your energy and carry you through the rest of the day.

While we were working against time to complete a recent picture I suggested that we take a 20-minute break each afternoon around four for tea and snacks. The director agreed and we bought ourselves an electric plate and a big tea pot. Ann Harding, who is in the cast, brought in her tea set and I volunteered to bring in the first snacks.

That night I dug out my favorite recipe—Apple Charlotte. Here is how it is made:

Butter a quart Charlotte mould generously. Fill the bottom with heart-shaped croissants of bread slices, slightly overlapping one another. Line the sides of the mould with rectangles of bread exactly the same height as the mould, and also overlap them slightly. The croissants and rectangles should be about 1/4-inch thick and dipped in melted butter before being placed in the mould.

Now quarter 12 fine apples (pears or peaches may be substituted if apples are not plentiful), peel, slice and cook them in a saucepan with two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of powdered sugar and half the rind of a lemon and two cinnamon sticks tied together in a bundle.

When the apples are cooked, and reduced to a



Joan Blondell, Vivacious Movie Star Who Recently Married Producer Mike Todd, Loves Football Games, Dancing, and Is an Excellent Swimmer.

thick puree, remove the bundle of lemon peel and cinnamon and add three tablespoons of stewed apple. Fill the mould with this mixture to the brim, and mound the apples into a high dome in the center. For the fruit settles in cooking.

Bake in a moderate oven for from 30 to 35 minutes.

If you use pears, peaches, apricots or other fruits, the most important point to remember is that the stewed fruit must be cooked until it is very thick, otherwise it softens the bread shell that the Charlotte collapses as soon as it is turned out.

"Allo-ette"

BRASSIERES BY



"Allo-ette" superbly moulds and controls the average bosom and that "in-between" type, the just slightly larger-than-average bosom. Bandeaux are \$1.50 to \$2.00 with 2 1/2 inch diaphragm band, as shown here, \$1.75 to \$2.50 with 6 inch band, \$3.50... all in various lovely fabrics.

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Pattern News



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3146



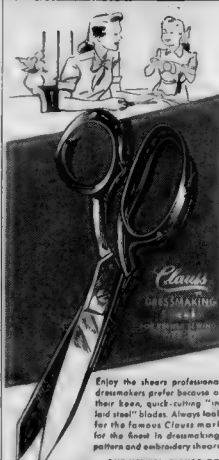
3147

3847—Cover-all apron with scallops and a heart pocket. Sizes small (34-36), medium (36-38), large (40-42). Small takes 1 yard of 35-inch fabric.

3146—Rose and pansy pot-holders to brighten your kitchen. They're fifty each of rug cotton. Pattern has directions for both.

3147—Weaving on huck towel. ing is something new that's really old. Make towels, mats, scarfs, luncheon sets. Three designs to weave; crocheted edging. Directions.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly, SIZES, STYLE NUMBER, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 31, N. Y. Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.



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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Figure Aids for MOTHERS-TO-BE



By Sally Young

DO you know that motherhood can improve the average woman's figure? Physicians have found that if an expectant mother wears a properly fitted and scientifically designed foundation garment, follows dietary instructions and gets a normal amount of exercise the experience should not leave her with any less attractive an appearance.

Maternity corsets are essential for the control of abdominal muscles and for back support. You need this aid for proper body balance. It takes balance, you know, to rest the weight of the child in the pelvic basin as nature intended, with little or no strain to you.

For the first and all subsequent babies, the girdle should be put on early so that abdominal muscles will not overstrain.

DESIGNERS in the foundation garment industry, with cooperation and assistance of leading obstetricians, have created a variety of scientific maternity garments for today's expectant mother. They include the all-in-one as well as separate girdles and brassieres.

Their construction varies; many are not unlike ordinary foundation garments in appearance, while others are constructed with lacings in the back or at the side, or both, depending upon the figure type requirement.

NO ONE type of garment will be equally suitable in all cases, since figure needs vary greatly. Extreme care should be taken in the selection of a maternity garment. It should be fitted by a specialist, guided by advice from the doctor handling the case. Changes in the condition of the mother-to-be will usually require monthly adjustments by the

corsetier to keep the child's weight balanced properly in the pelvic basin.

Well designed maternity foundation garments build a wall around the pelvis and support the abdomen without compression at any point, give aid to the lower spine and muscles of the back and thighs. This relieves the strain on the neck, legs and feet.

CARE of the figure after delivery of the child is highly important too and should not be neglected. A woman's welfare depends on adequate protection of weakened muscles for many weeks. Oftentimes a mother may wish to have her maternity garment adjusted to fit her figure after the birth of her child. This arrangement has proven satisfactory in certain cases.

However, gynecologists often recommend a different type of support after childbirth to protect the walls of the abdomen, which tend to be lax for a period of at least 8 to 10 weeks. Once the mother is on her feet, it is important that she have a properly fitted support to aid the abdomen and steady and protect, but not compress, the pelvic joints.

Following this period, she should then return to her regular foundation garment wardrobe.

For the Baby

The baby, as if we didn't know, has come into his own—wait, I haven't finished—into his own nylon bristled brush. Now fuzz is encouraged to grow healthy and lustrous via regular brushings with a soft, flexible, baby brush.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 181, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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September 14, 1947



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1947 Edition—Just Revised
New Atomic Age Words

This dictionary has been revised this year—carries 1947 copyright. New atomic age words have been added, such as "proton", "plutonium", "neptunium", "atomic", "black market", etc. There are also encyclopedic sections new in this edition, such as a Dictionary of Important Musical Terms, Facts about the Earth, How to be Your Own Weather Prophet, and Tables of the Average Height and Weight of Men and Women. Other sections of universal interest—Dictionary of Commerce and Law, National Parks of the U. S., Principal Cities of the U. S. and Canada—many others.

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For school, office or home, you'll surely want this new 1947 Dictionary. And it's easy to get. Every member of the family can have his own copy! For each copy you want, just mail 25¢ with your name and address—together with either a Planters Peanut Butter label, or two empty Planters Peanuts bags, or the unwinding band from a Planters can. Send to Planters Peanuts, Dept. 15, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Expect your dictionary—postpaid—in about two weeks.

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THAT DARNED HUSBAND
OF MINE THINKS HE
DOESN'T LIKE FISH!



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LOOKING FOR LUGGAGE?

By Doris Denison

DOES the end of summer
find you with several
beat-up pieces of luggage
which need replacing? If so,
let's hope they served their
full number of years of
usefulness. Perhaps, though
you bought "bargains"
which turned out to be no
bargains at all, but poorly
constructed pieces which
fell apart at the first hard
knock.

Since the construction of
the framework cannot be

bags to separate soiled cloth-
ing from clean. The matched
handbag for women is a
convenient carry-all that can
take cosmetics in addition
to the regular paraphernalia
of the purse. This is mighty
handy in plane travel, serv-
ing to cut luggage weight
down by one cosmetic case.

The new double-purpose



inspected because of the
outside covering. It is well
to buy luggage from a re-
liable dealer whose word
you can trust. Ask how the
corners are joined, since
these are the weakest points
in most luggage. One manu-
facturer makes frames of
one piece of plywood molded
into shape and joined in
only one place—the center
back. Corners are rein-
forced for extra strength.

Good luggage has rounded
corners, an all wood box,
brass or lock and hinges
bound edges, and hinged
handles for carrying ease.
Present-day aim is to make
luggage light-weight, but
sturdy.

Covering Material

LUGGAGE covering is
made in four basic ma-
terials — cardboard (which
we don't recommend); fab-
ric, leather, and metal.

New plastic-coated fabrics
come in gay checks and
colorful plaids. Others simu-
late fine leathers. Luggage
covered with woven nylon
is light as a whisper.

Gleaming leathers, non-
existent during the war, are
back now. Choose between
top grain cowhide, rawhide,
saddle leather, pin-seal, all-
igator, and pigskin.

New Wrinkles

ALL sorts of new gadgets
have been added to
make packing a pleasure in-
stead of a pain. Some pieces
have removable laundry

briefcase for men (or car-
reer women), combining ca-
pacious briefcase with space
for shirts, socks and shorts,
is splendid for short busi-
ness trips.

Removable water proof
pockets are the answer to
all sorts of problems such
as wet bathing suits, damp
towels and large bottles.

The new combination hat
and shoe cases can take
your biggest hats, up to 12
pairs of shoes, and leave
space for lingerie as well.

Color

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that you match your
luggage to your wardrobe
like your shoes or other ac-
cessories. Smart manu-
facturers produce all sorts
of accessories matched to
complete your luggage en-
semble in high fashion shades
or the old standbys.

The trend today is de-
finitely in the direction of
matched luggage that you
can add to or replace at any
time. Nothing looks quite
so many as an oddly as-
sorted, many colored and
differently styled collection
of luggage.

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cannot manage a complete
collection all at once, buy
in a store which can guar-
antee to match your pat-
tern in the future.

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September 14, 1947 THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 39

FRUIT CREAM PIE

Smooth filling without cooking!



FRUIT CREAM PIE

- 1½ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1 cup fruit*
- ½ cup whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Fold in prepared fruit. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with whipped cream, sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

- *Use any of the following fruits:
- 2 medium-sized bananas, cut in small pieces.
 - 1 cup sliced peaches, fresh or canned.
 - 1 cup sliced apricots, fresh or canned.
 - 1 cup crushed canned pineapple, drained.



Eagle Brand is a magic short cut to creamy-smooth pie fillings—velvety ice creams—swirly frostings—luscious cookies and candies.

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the VIXENS

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WHEN Denise Lascals meets Laird Fournois on his return from the Civil War the result is as explosive as a torch set to gasoline! And you'll understand why when you meet this reckless renegade and the irresistible beauty, Denise, in "The Vixens"—now yours FREE as a gift! You'll understand, too, why Laird Fournois—so careless with life and love...was such a burning legend even in brawling, wicked, old New Orleans as he battles with words and bullets to regain his lost fortune and plantation.

What a woman! And what a story!

This was the man Denise found she had to love, and he knew she was the only woman for him. Yet, his aristocratic sense of honor forced him into marriage with the beautiful Sabrina. Denise knew why he had married Sabrina but not for one instant would she share his love. To capture for herself alone his strange tortured heart she endured public disgrace...became the mistress of Laird's deadliest enemy...even caused the murder of an innocent man at the hands of her proud brothers.

"A rip-roaring thriller!"—Boston Herald
But make no mistake, "The Vixens" is far more than the story of a great love. It's a sweeping, passionate novel of that bitter, bloody period when Yankee Carpetbaggers, decadent Southern Aristocrats, and Scalawags fought for political power and booty in Louisiana. It's American history at its liveliest.

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